

SCHOOL
NUMBER

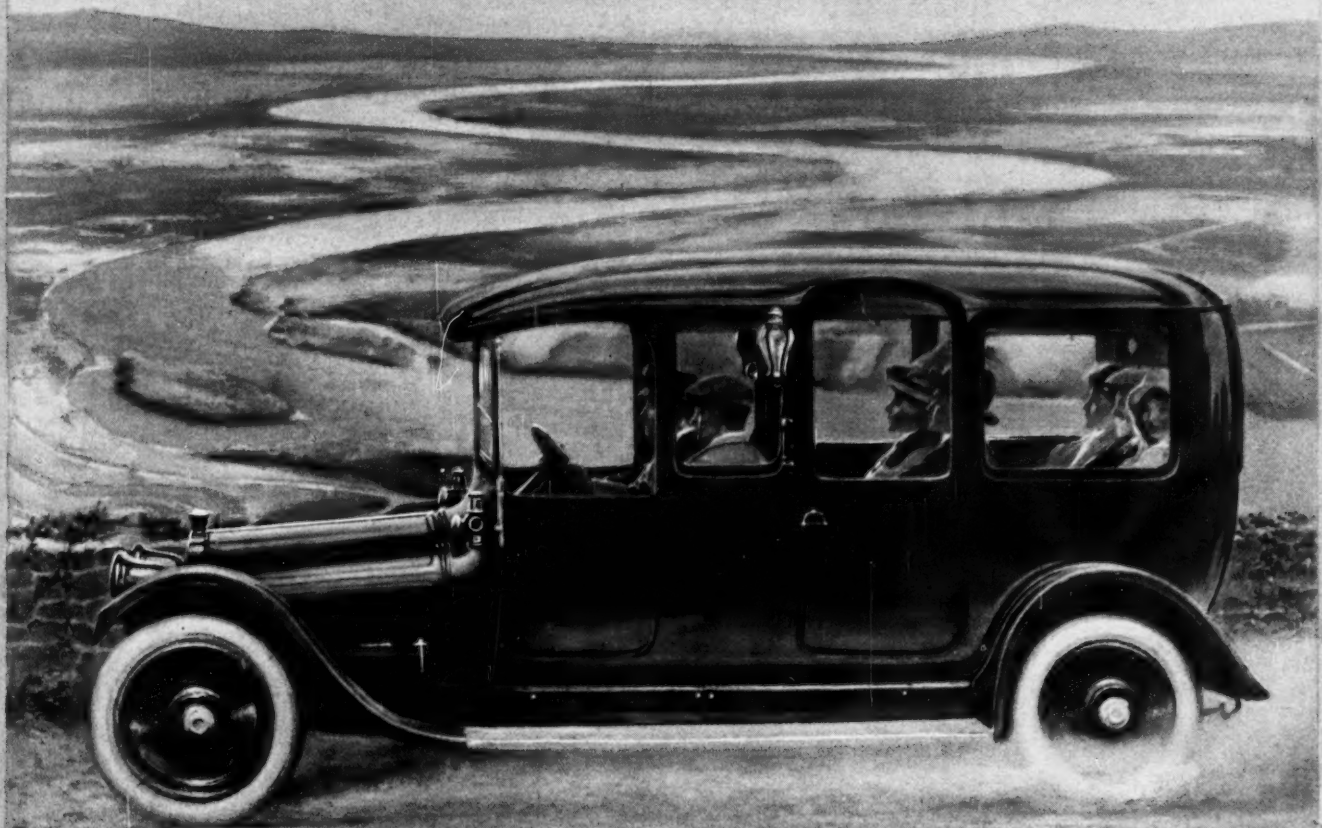
Life

PRICE 10 CENTS
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THE CALL OF THE WILD

Stevens-Duryea



"Nearly a Quarter-Century of Leadership"

The enclosed cars are a new expression of distinctive and exclusive elegance.
Appointments created to conform to the individuality of your equipage.

Stevens-Duryea Co Chicopee Falls Mass

"Pioneer Builders of American Sixes"

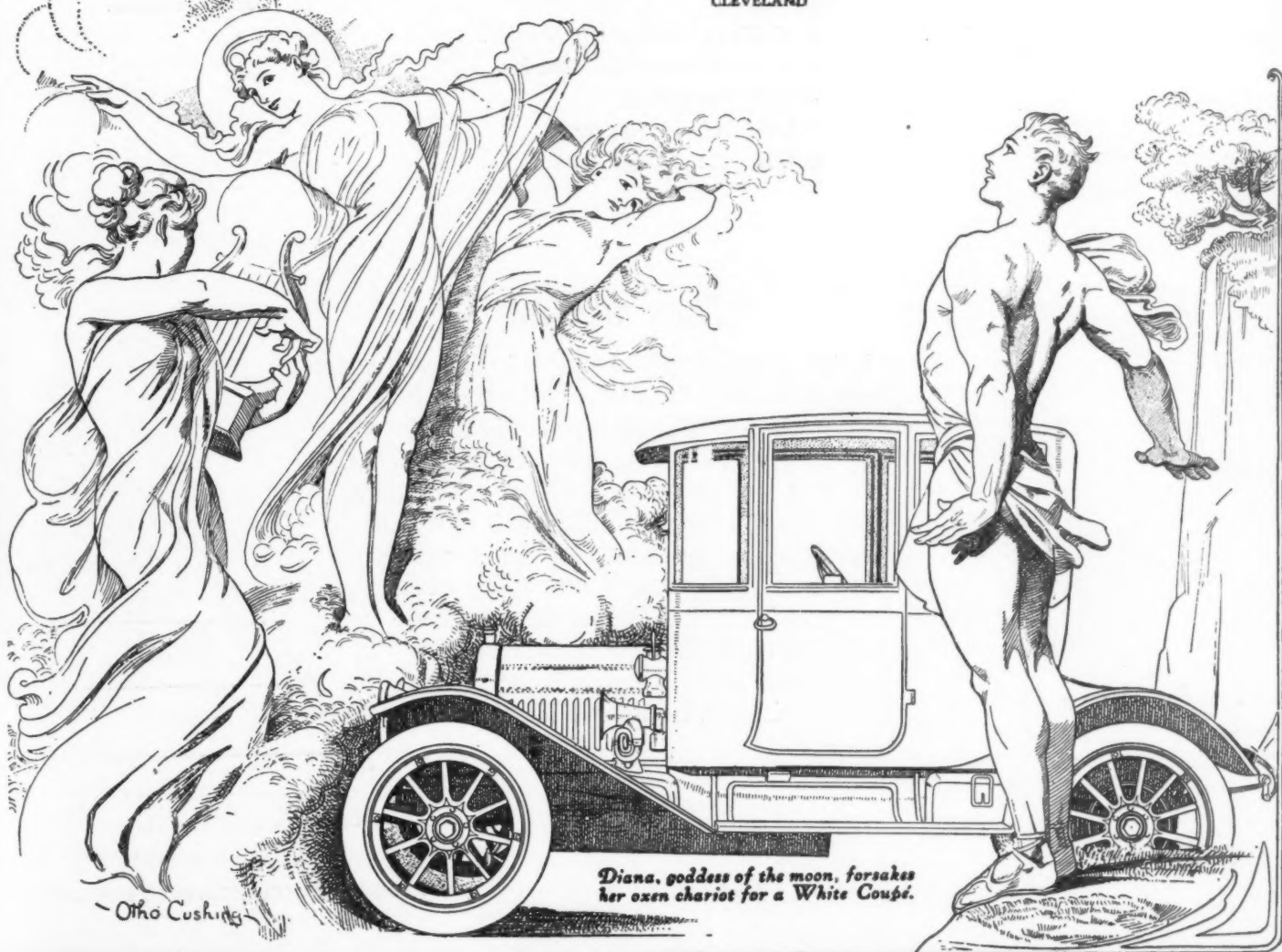


William Hansen, Editor

Grace

THE WHITE coupé is the car she has always wished for—light, beautiful, swift and far running. Here are found the safety and simple operation of the electric vehicle, combined with the flexible speed and touring possibilities which only the gasoline roadster can give. Primarily *her* car for *all* purposes, its power and convenience also make the White coupé the preferred car for *his* town and winter use.

THE WHITE  COMPANY
CLEVELAND



Diana, goddess of the moon, forsakes her oxen chariot for a White Coupé.

Otho Cushing



"I was a regular yearly subscriber to LIFE for nearly sixty years, and enjoyed every minute of it."

Shakespeare.

Coming Numbers
of

Life



"It makes me smile to learn you are getting out a War Number of LIFE on October 2. Well, well, I thought war would have gone out long ago."

Marcus Aurelius.

Next Week—An Ordinary Number.

Sept. 25—Heart-to-Heart Number.

Oct. 2—War Number.

Oct. 9—Ordinary Number.

Oct. 16—Pro-Suffrage Number.

Have a Care

Now is the psychological moment to Obey That Impulse and Subscribe to Life. But before doing this consider carefully the step you are about to take.

Sudden joy (Three months for one dollar. See that ridiculous coupon) has never, they say, been known to kill, but it is a great disturber. Besides, consider the immense intellectual responsibility when you become a regular subscriber to the most serious weekly in America! At any moment we may issue a Humorous Number.



"Humorous Number coming! How absurd!"
Socrates.

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

SPECIAL OFFER

Open only to new subscribers; no subscription renewed at this rate. Trial subscriptions should be sent direct; not through an agent or dealer.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York. 25

ONE YEAR \$5.00. (CANADIAN \$5.52, FOREIGN \$6.04.)



Chalmers — 1914

The New "Six"



\$2175
Fully equipped
f.o.b. Detroit

The Master Motor of Them All

What other makers are still striving for we give you in the New Chalmers "Six."
To the best features of the costliest cars we have added these crowning triumphs:

Silence at all speeds; silence that lasts.

Many cars that are quiet at ten miles an hour, kick up a lot of noise at thirty. Watch the speedometer of the New Chalmers "Six";—30—40—50 miles an hour and not a murmur from our big oval cams or enclosed valves.

The silence of the Chalmers "Six" means more than the mere luxury of quiet. It tells you that your motor is working with the perfection of a watch—without the slightest wear. And this silence continues for years.

Sustained power; even after years of use.

This motor, like the trained athlete, grows better by action. Its Tungsten steel valves are not affected by the cylinder heat. So there's no warping—no leaking—no power wasted. Think of the years of extra service this master motor will give you.

No vibration; comfort and long life.

The smoothness of the "Six" saves wear on the car as well as on the passengers. The interval between the explosions of any "four" makes a gap in the power stream. It produces a vibration that hammers constantly at the life of the car. There's no escape from it. The explosions of the "Six" give an unbroken stream of power. This gives smoothness and economy that no "four" can equal. It adds years to the life of the car.

Extreme flexibility, without intricate gearing.

You'll find you can do nearly everything on "high." It does away with gear shifting almost entirely. With this "Six" any supplementary gear mechanism would be useless. The motor itself gives a suppleness of power unknown even in costlier cars.

A Non-Stallable Motor.

This motor will never go dead in the crowded city traffic. The electric starter won't let it.

Even if the driver should cut off the gas accidentally, the electric starter, always on duty keeps the motor running—won't let it stop.

This is the greatest feature of safety and convenience put on a car in the last five years.

These features mean far more than the luxury they bring. They mean no wear—no waste of power—no depreciation. A car that lacks them may cost you less to buy—but it will cost you more to keep.

When once you know the years of extra service these features add, you'll wonder how we give them at the price, \$2175.

Go ride in the car—at our dealers. Let it tell its own story in deeds. It can neither over-rate its virtues nor hide its defects. It must tell the truth—nothing else.

Let us send you our literature explaining why the New Chalmers "Six" is the master motor of them all. Write today.

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit

Salient Features of the New Chalmers "Six"

Six-cylinder motor, T-head type 4-in. x 5½-in.
—40-65 h. p. All moving parts enclosed.

Bosch Magneto.

Electric starter—Entz System, built in Chalmers shops.

Non-stallable motor.

Full Electric lights—Our powerful headlights also contain auxiliary lamps of moderate power for city driving.

132-inch wheel base.

Molded oval fenders.

Gasoline tank and tire carrier on rear—clean running boards.

Left drive and center control—enter from either side.

36 x 4½-inch tires and Continental demountable rims.

Four forward speed transmission.

Underslung rear springs; main leaf of vanadium steel.

Tapered bonnet and stream line, bell backed body.

Chalmers patented doors—unusually wide.

Full equipment—including Chalmers silk mohair top, quick acting storm curtains, Warner speedometer, one extra demountable rim, electric horn, pump, tools, etc.

Models and Prices

Roadster	\$2175
Four Passenger	\$2175
Five Passenger	\$2175
Six Passenger	\$2275
Coupe	\$2850
Limousine	\$3600

(Fully equipped, f. o. b. Detroit)

Enclosed
and One
Car (Ca-
n \$1.13,
n \$1.26).
IFE for
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V \$6.04.)



Oldsmobile

1914

Established—1880
Incorporated—1899

This is the Year of the Oldsmobile

If you have followed the use and development of the motor car, you have probably noticed how among the better established automobiles first one car one year, and next season another car, seemed to claim the biggest share of the public attention.

This year it is the Oldsmobile that stands out in the spotlight of public approval, not on account of any unusual, or "freak" element of design, but solely because of the completeness with which we have realized the American ideal of a perfectly designed, perfectly appointed six-cylinder car.

Last month we announced the new Oldsmobile Model 54 as the "greatest six-cylinder motor car ever produced!" Since then thousands of capable critics, men well versed in motor car design and construction, have inspected the new Oldsmobile and echoed and re-echoed the phrase we used in our first enthusiasm.

Now, after accepting this judgment of the motor-wise public, we again say:

Here is the Greatest Six-Cylinder Car Ever Produced

Four or 5 Passenger Phaeton touring body type, \$2975; 7 Passenger touring body, \$175 extra. Limousine, \$4300.

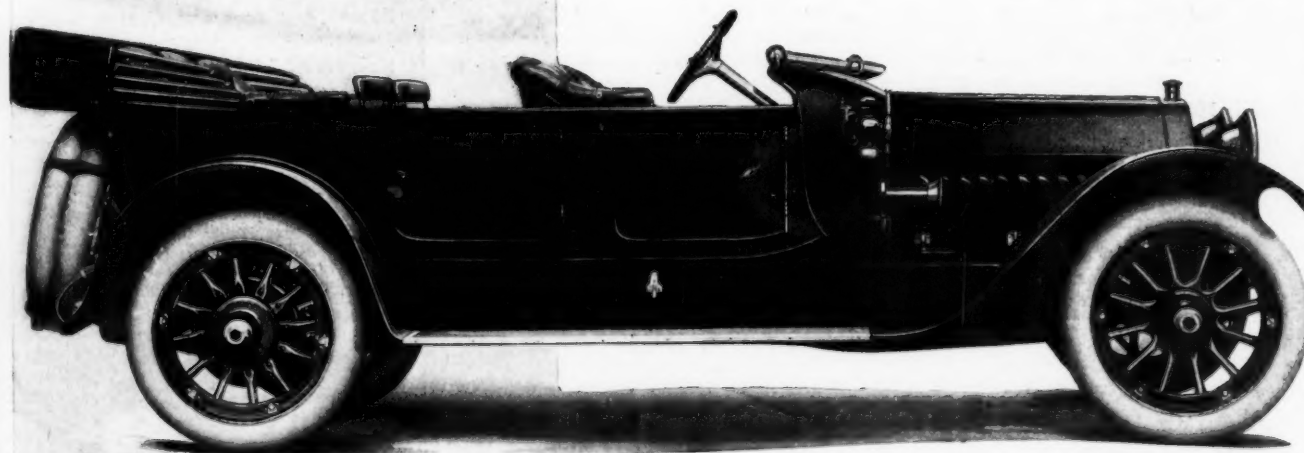
Equipment 1914 Oldsmobile Model 54 combination electric and oil side and tail lamps. Special Oldsmobile design. Special design Oldsmobile electric head lamp. Special design three-way adjustable ventilating windshield. Top, boot, and patent adjustable side curtains. 60 miles speedometer. Adjustable stem setting and winding Waltham clock. Rear tire irons, capacity for two tires. Demountable rims, one extra. Imported horse-hair tonneau mat. Motor driven air pump. Famous Delco starting, lighting and ignition system. Electric light in tonneau. Extension electric trouble lamp. Tools, jack. Patented bow separating top holders. Adjustable auxiliary seats in seven-passenger. (Extra, at additional cost wire wheels; special Oldsmobile touring trunks.) Motor, 50 horsepower, six-cylinders, unit power plant, three-point suspension. Bore $4\frac{1}{4}$, stroke $5\frac{1}{4}$. Extreme length of four and five-passenger models, 16 feet. Extreme length of seven-passenger, 17 feet. Springs front, semi-elliptic. Springs rear, $\frac{3}{4}$ elliptic underslung. Tires 36 x 5 both front and rear. Gabriel Snubbers. Klaxon Horn.

The 1914 Oldsmobile can be seen at any of our factory branches, located in all the principal cities, and dealers from coast to coast. Description of the new models will be sent on request.

Deliveries Now Ready

Olds Motor Works,

Lansing, Mich.



LIFE



Poetical

THemes theoretical, thoughts unavailable;
Languorous limericks lame and unsalable;
Epical episodes earnest and humorous;
Pastoral pesterers painfully numerous;
Sonnets somniferous, soulful insanity;
Doubtful didactics deserving profanity;
Love-laden lyrics, ludicrous, spontaneous;

Odes of an origin extemporaneous;
Elegies elegant, ethical, literal;
Satires suavely sulphureous, cynical;
Meters monotonous, morals lamentable;
Haphazard harmonies, hardly presentable;
Eagle-eyed editors, ever expecting,
Receiving, refusing, returning, rejecting.

R. H. Dyer.



THE FRESHMAN AND THE GRADUATES

SEPT. 11, 1913

VOL. 62
No. 1611*"While there is Life there's Hope"*

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

J. A. MITCHELL, A. MILLER,
Pres't. Sec'y and Treas.17 West Thirty-first Street, New York
English Offices, Cannon House, Brems
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OWING to Mr. Martin's absence in Europe, readers of LIFE will be deprived of his editorials during the next few issues.

Life's Fresh Air Fund

Inclusive of 1912, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation twenty-six years. In that time it has expended \$139,304.44 and has given a fortnight in the country to 34,748 poor city children.

The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column.

Previously acknowledged	\$6,117.48
H. M. S.	10.00
Henry B. Culver	10.00
"Jim"	2.00
S. Wilbur Corman	20.00
Three little friends	15.00
St. Joseph Lodge, No. 40, B. P. O. Elks	6.12
Mrs. Mary Hearn Greims	25.00
Proceeds of a fair given by the following children of Mill River Inn:	
Eva Colter, Lillian Pabst, Grace Pabst, Evelyn Hutton, Charlotte Sutcliffe, Eleanor Standish, Kathleen Sullivan, Emma Gaffney, Alice Gaffney and Henrietta Bintz.	8.00
H. L. E.	15.00
Captain T. H. B.	5.90
F. V.	10.00
Homer A. Childs	5.00
"In memory of F. W. J. and N. J."	10.00
Elizabeth, Scottie, Mary and John, Gilbert Heights, Marblehead.....	56.00
G. W. J.	1.00
H. R. Hoyt	10.00
F. N. M.	5.00
C. D. W.	25.00
"Lewis, Carol and Baby Edna"...	5.00
John T. Herd	5.00
"In memory of Mrs. R. F. E."...	5.00
K. T.	5.00
E. B. R.	3.00
"Betsey"	10.00
H. D. Schouler	5.00
Balance of proceeds of fair held at Spring Lake, N. J.	4.00
C. E. McLellan	5.00
W. C. Griggs	5.00

\$6,408.50

The School-Boy



SEE the school-boy!

Isn't he bright looking? It is true that his jaw is a little bit crooked, and his shoulders stoop slightly; but still, on the whole, he is not a bad fellow.

It is very pleasant to see a lot of school-boys in a class room learning, in a few years, everything there is to know.

It takes this boy, for example, two years to learn all about United States history.

It takes him five years to know all about arithmetic.

It takes him about two years to learn all about manual training, so that when he comes out he can make a steam engine, build a nineteen-story apartment house, or construct a tunnel through a mountain.

That is to say, he can almost do these things. If he stayed a few years longer and had a little more practise, he might do them to perfection.

What else does the school-boy learn?

Well, he learns that everything depends upon his examinations. Therefore, the value of knowing a subject depends entirely upon whether he can pass or not.

He also learns not to go home when he wants to know anything. This is one of the great lessons which comes home to every school-boy. When he

discovers that his father is too busy and his mother too incompetent to look after him, it is a great thing for him to feel that the school is there, where he can pass his examinations occasionally and get fully equipped for all the problems of life.

We rejoice, therefore, in the school-boy. He learns a few things after he comes out of school. But, as everybody knows, they are of no particular consequence. The fact that his teachers have mostly all been women is quite enough in itself to insure him a practical basis.

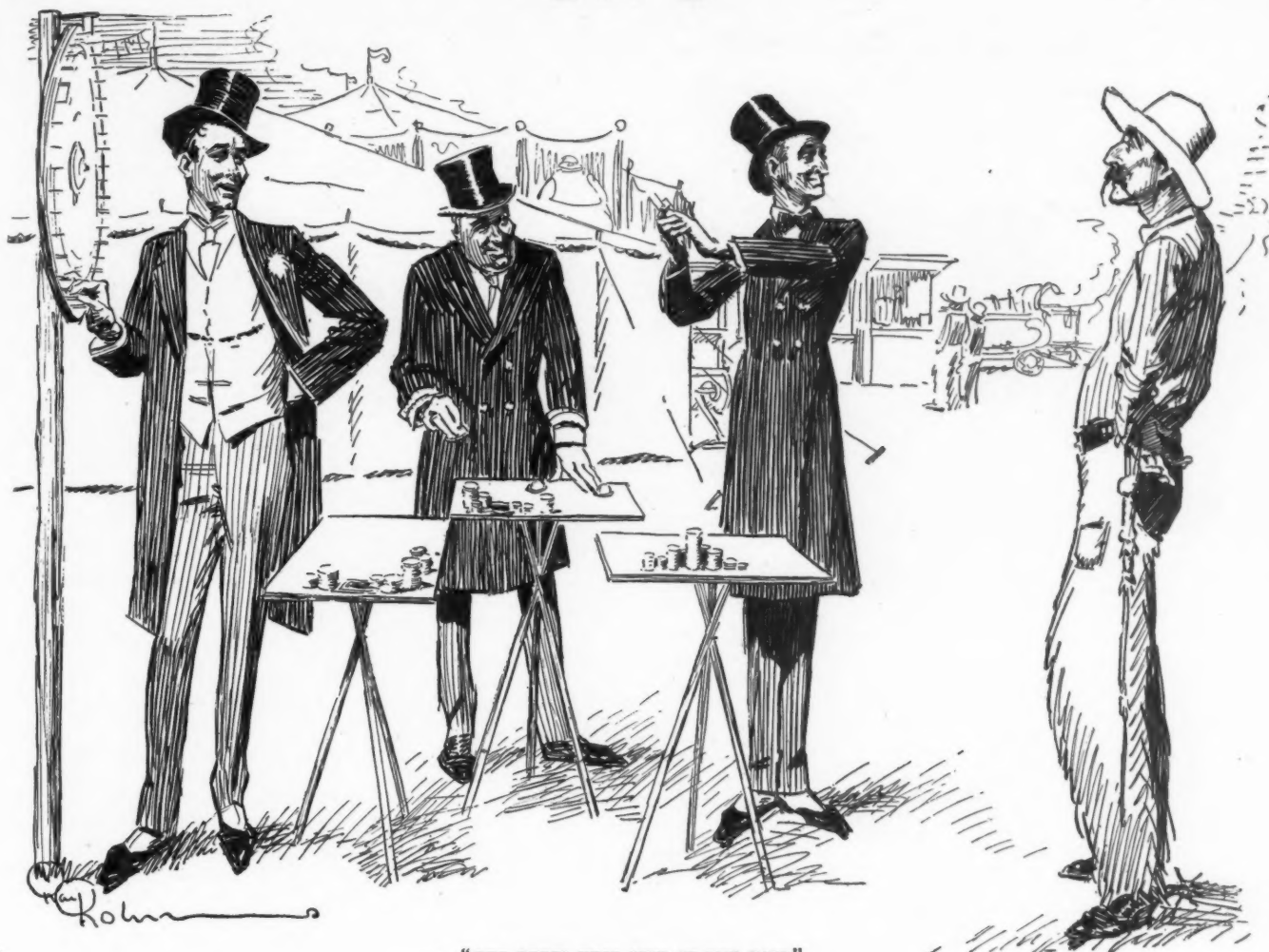
In the meantime, we leave him bursting with his knowledge. We do not see how he carries it away.

The Ambassador

AN ambassador is a man who is sent to a foreign country for the purpose of keeping up the prestige of the home government while he runs himself and his family into debt. Ambassadors are obtained from publishing houses and colleges. After an ambassador has worked all of his life in acquiring a reputation for keeping his mouth shut he is then expected to deliver a series of speeches which will keep up the dignity of his country and at the same time satisfy the politicians. Ambassadors, like children, should be seen and not heard. Two ambassadors are



IN LOCO PARENTIS



"THE THREE WISE MEN OF THE EAST"

always worse than one. Three make a crowd. Sometimes it takes only one ambassador to bring on a war, but if he fails others are sent to help him out, war being the ultimate business between all countries. An ambassador's wife is a woman who makes her own clothes, talks French, knows how to wash dishes and is a perfect lady. Every ambassador, of course, is a perfect gentleman. That is the reason why those ambassadors are usually selected about whom so little is known.

"HAVE you met your next door neighbors yet?"

"Not formally; but I've seen all their furniture go in."

Wanted: An Anesthetic

ONE of the chief difficulties of the moment arises from the fact that the social pharmacopeia does not contain a social anesthetic by means of which the roots of old and decayed notions may be extracted without pain from the body politic. If it weren't for this distressing fact it would be just as easy to amend the constitution as to sever an appendix or extract a molar. If the body politic could only be given some kind of laughing gas during the process, we should have no difficulty whatsoever in summoning up courage to have a lot of little things done which we feel down in our hearts

ought to be done, but from which we have refrained through fear of coming upon a sensitive nerve that might be exposed thereby. We might even be induced to try a Utopia now and then if we could just go to sleep and then wake up to find it completely established and in good working order. Here is an emergency that should be met and conquered.

E. O. J.

HE: Don't you remember me? I rescued you from drowning at Narragansett last year.

SHE (sweetly): How stupid of me! But, of course, one cannot remember all the young men who rescue one!

Congress Goes Out On Strike

Tremendous excitement in Washington—Rumored that the I. W. W. may take charge—Both Sabotage and Syndicalism feared.

(Special Correspondence to Life.)

WASHINGTON, September 8th.—The strike in both Houses threatens to become a national disturbance. The men are insistent in their demands for eight hours a day and a reasonable vacation. President Wilson is obdurate.

"This is not a question for arbitration," he declared this morning at 4.30. "I shall put a time clock in the Capitol, and hereafter every mother's son will be docked if he doesn't show up. This is no Chautauqua circle."

The President appeared to-day in a brand new suit of overalls, made out of strictly domestic material. After saluting the British flag, he made the announcement that every Senator and Congressman would have a full dinner pail, but there would be no soldiering.

The police force has been doubled.

"This is better than clubbing suffragettes for practice," said one of the captains. "I was almost beginning to wish I had never left New York."

This morning there was a demonstration of Senators, who marched down Pennsylvania Avenue. Men carrying the following transparencies headed the procession:

WE WANT SHORTER HOURS.

HOT AIR IS KILLING US.

A FULL STOMACH AND TWO WEEKS
OFF IN SUMMER GUARANTEED.

Bands of sympathizers followed. The police promptly quelled the disturbance, and the offenders were marched off to the Capitol and compelled in punishment to listen to a four-hour speech by Senator Tillman on Woman Suffrage.

A Congressman from Kansas was caught last night trying to break up the statues in Statuary Hall, a plain case of sabotage.

The following wire was received at the White House from some crank in Texas:

"Why not shut down both Houses and close up the Capitol permanently? Aren't we having trouble enough?"

At a late hour last night the following statement was issued from the White House:

"No arbitration. These fellows may belong to the union, but they can't shirk while I'm on the job."



"SHURE! IVERY TOIME OI HEAR THE FOIVE O'CLOCK WHISTLE
BLOW OI WISHT OI HAD A JOB"

Nails

A NAIL is a short piece of iron which a man uses to aim at while he is hammering his thumb.

Nails come in various sizes. A tack is a baby nail which is fond of standing upon its head in the dark when you are turkey-trotting around your room in bare feet, trying in vain to locate an electric button. An adult nail is two or three inches long and comes in boxes which are sent to you by express upon which you have to pay the charges, which have already been collected by the express company at the other end. Not being able to find the hammer, you vainly endeavor to extract this nail and others of its kind from the box, both with and without prayer, until you finally succeed in wrenching the top off the box with superhuman strength while your wife looks on with superb disdain.

Nails are also used to build houses, as sinkers on fish lines, and when applied internally to the feet, to promote and foster lockjaw.

They come in vast quantities in hardware and department stores, but when you want just one to drive into the bathroom wall during your wife's absence to hang a razor stop on, you might as well look for a needle in a haystack or a square deal in a State Legislature.

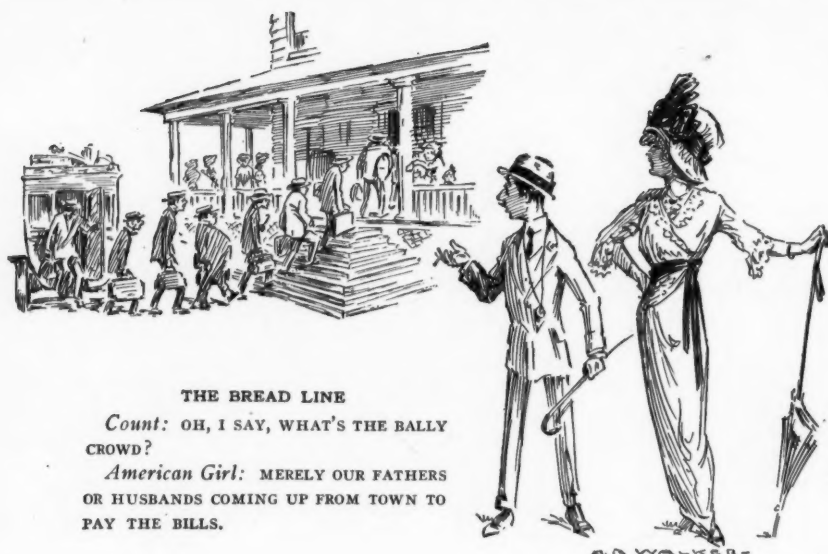
B RIGGS: Bilkins writes best sellers, doesn't he?

G RIGGS: Yes, but he's all right. He's a first-rate sort. When you get to know him you don't mind what he writes.

"MOTHER, will I ever be rich like father so I can hire a stenographer to say my prayers?"



THE HIRED HELP AT WORK



THE BREAD LINE

Count: OH, I SAY, WHAT'S THE BALLY CROWD?

American Girl: MERELY OUR FATHERS OR HUSBANDS COMING UP FROM TOWN TO PAY THE BILLS.

A. WALKER

For Adults Only



WE sincerely trust that no child laborer in Alabama will have money enough to buy LIFE, nor the time and education to read it. If, perchance, a little child should read LIFE, and if, perchance, it should notice our occasional animadversions upon the subject of child labor in that mellifluously and alliteratively cognomened State, and if, perchance, the child should thereupon decide to leave his or her job and lead thereafter a life of aristocratic ease, then and in that case, as the lawyers would say, LIFE would be a criminal.

According to the criminal code of Alabama (1907), anyone who "knowingly interferes with, hires, entices away, or induces any minor to leave the service of anyone to whom such service is lawfully due," is liable to a fine of not less than

fifty dollars nor more than five hundred dollars.

LIFE should not so much object to paying the fine, but we should hate to have our picture in the rogues' gallery through a conflict with such a benign law. If it is a good thing for a State to be supported by little children, it is quite fitting that those children be shackled to their jobs in every possible way. Stick to your colors, lads and lassies. Don't throw up your jobs on our account.

"THEY'RE six fine sons you have, Casey," said Dennis Flaherty to his friend.

"They are," said Casey.

"Do ye have any trouble with them?"

"Trouble?" said Casey. "I've never had to raise my hand to one of them—except in self-defence."

POSSIBLY some eminent statesmen bless the man who put the talk in Chautauqua.

Vicious

NOT long ago the papers reported the case of a doctor in Marietta, Ohio, who, after performing many difficult operations, went mad and tried to vivisect a patient who was under his control.

This doctor only carried to its logical conclusion a well-defined law. When you get into the habit of cutting people up you "first endure, then pity, then embrace." It requires an immense control on the part of any surgeon to operate only when necessary.

Cutting people up is an acquired taste. The danger of its obsession, however, is not widely advertised by the medical profession.

"THE question is," said the young M. D., "how long can we keep him alive."

"And sick," added the elder M. D., correctively.



"JOHNNY, YOU'VE BEEN FISHING ON SUNDAY AGAIN. I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A WHIPPING JUST AS SOON AS I'VE PUT THOSE FISH IN THE ICEBOX."

MRS. MURPHY was getting the supper for the children on Saturday night when a young woman came to her door.

"I'm a collector for the Drunkards' Home," she said. "Could you help us?"

"Come around to-night and I'll give you Murphy," said the housewife as she went about her work.

Letters of a Japanese School-boy

Are Turkey-Waltzing a Dance or a Convulsion?



To Editor "Life Magazine," who must have many subscribers because he know that where there is Life there is Blood and where there is Blood there is Circulation (free joke)

DEAR MR:—

The Japanese Patriotic and Educational Suicide Club, of which I are correspondent Secretary last night give a waltzing cotillion and lemonade (25c for extra ladies who drunk it) at Rising Sun Banzai Association Hall. Considerable fashion of yellow complexion was there with Sadikichi's Brass Orchestra to play it whenever we danced it. Excitements.

Considerable Japanese schoolgirls was fetched there by that nationality and I was deliciously shocked to see how American they looked. They wore crippled skirts of considerable thinness and their shoulder blades seemed absolutely destitute. I fetch Miss Ruby Fujimuto, Japanese lady of aggravated beauty, with me for escort. When she removed off her opera-house cloak, I look at her with my expression all braided up.

"Ladies should be praised for their economy," I corrode while observing the cloth that was not there.

She curbed up with bridle expression.

"You no like the way my neck is cut?" she snagger, showing peevness by her soprano.

"Your neck is not cut," I narrate. "I know because I can see it all."

She seem less engaged to me than formerly and eloped away to make dance-step with J. Haro, Japanese photographer.

Hon. Sadakichi's Brass Orchestra make music resembling roof gardens.

At that moment of time I could observe how everybody was dancing. They seemed to be jouncing in couples, making crowd-up walk with occasional slouchy-slouchy motion while their eyes said "How-do!" with Romeo expression peculiar to Shakespeare.

"It are nice for youngly persons to be affectionate," I commute. "But when will dancing begin?"

"They are now Turkey-waltzing," depose Arthur Kickahajama, missionary boy, with Tuxedo eyebrows.

My cousin Nogi, who arrive there with Miss Alice Sago (divorced) approach to me and wish I should Turkey-waltz with her because he was lame from when she kicked him. I told him I was a Methodist heathen, therefore my feet was too religious to dance.

"Turk-waltzing are denatured dancing," arrange Miss Sago with alimony smiles. "Come, Mr. Togo, I show you how do it!" So I went and strogled.

Mr Editor, while I made gymnastix with that charmed lady, I wished send you several editorials. What are this Turkey-Waltz, I ask to know? Were it invented by Turks at Adrianople while wrastling with the Vulgarian army? Did Turkish soldiers think up that peculiarostous step while rolling barrels of powder at Greece? Why should persons blame Turks with this

style of trotting if they never did it? Mohammedans has got sifficient bad habits of their own without accusing them of some more!

This Miss Sago shove me here & elsewhere with neglectful expression peculiar to roustabouts. When music play "All Persons Are Doing Something" she attempt to dissociate my spine by wig-wagging my elbows.

"Make your ankles more diagonal!" she declare with sweetly schoolteacher face. I wish to ask her marry me, but wondered what might happen if I did. I make slight jiu jitsu to her wrist, but she got more stronger grippe while I jounce alternately like tables in earthquakes.

"My feet are filled with clumsies," I narrate baffably.

"That are very valuable in Turk-trotting," she say for sweetly smiling.

"So is?" I holla. "I always sipposed folks must be graceful to make dance step."

"They ust to, but no more," she expose. "All fashionable 400s to day when dancing considers it great elegance to appear like drunken sailors wrestling with bears."

I should have responded to her educational catalogue, but she was showing me new jag-step where I could elevate my knees to music while being choked.

"I will nextly show you how do the Jellyfish Crawl," she pronounce with Tipsichore expression.



"They are now turkey-waltzing"



"GEORGE, DEAR, DO BE CAREFUL WITH THE LUNCH"

"If I learned any more dances I should become a Geisha, which are less proper," I renig shyly while eloping away from her armful with talented dodges.

When I was hiding behind palum trees where she could not see me I watched considerable turkey-trottery, bunny-huggery etc with eyes full of science. Dignified home-made Japanese was making roof-garden loops with their legs in such a way their wife & children would feel siprised. Arthur Kickahajama, missionary boy, were doing sidewise catch-and-let-go dance with Miss Mamie Furacki. After that actions I could not see how he ever could look a Y. M. C. A. in the face again. First they glid together with expression of happy crabs, then they

made a twillup, two cross-legs & 3 bounces. This was followed by clutches.

"They are dancing Tango," pronounce Sydney Katsu, Jr., who was floorwalking like a committee.

"What slum teaches persons dance like that?" I abject doggishly.

"Sometimes Bowery, sometimes Fifth Avenue," he report for tone of high-social.

"Do Fifth Avenue permit the Bowery to teach them depravity?" I require.

"Ah no!" ollicute Sydney. "Fifth Avenue are teaching the Bowery. Vices are like other kinds of furniture. Rich folks uses them first and only pass them on to poor folks when they are second hand. Thusly the slums are seldom safe."

"After Tango is finished what new dance will explode in the Smarty Set?" are next question for me.

"Not sure," Sydney say so with Harry Leer eyebrows. "Last week I hear how some high-style Newporters had gone to Africa for try dancing with some cannibles what knew some deliciously low down steps. But after the first dance they had to quit because they was ashamed."

"Who was ashamed—the Newporters?"

"No, the cannibles," notate Sydney Katsu, Jr., looking like he was prepared to be raided by police.

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.
(Per Wallace Irwin.)

Gambling in Babies

ONE of the provisions of the new income tax is that parents shall get a rebate on babies at so much per baby, the amount varying according to circumstances.

That is to say, if a man is getting over four thousand dollars a year and has babies he does not have to pay so much income tax as a man who gets four thousand dollars a year and has no babies. But the man who gets less than four thousand dollars a year gets no rebate. It is true that he does not have to pay any income tax, but the only reason that he does not is because the government admits that he has got about all he can swing.

Why this discrimination against the man under four thousand dollars who has babies? Any baby is a fair gamble, not only from the standpoint of the parent, but from the standpoint of the government. Probably the babies of the very poor people and the babies of the very rich people, for instance, assuming that there are such, are more of a gamble than the babies of the middle class people. What the government is doing now is to make it harder for the very poor people to raise their babies than it ever has been before.

This whole question in reality is very much more important than the tariff or the currency bill. What is really needed is more elasticity in babies. There ought to be some way of putting them on a sound basis. At present their value is very likely to be depreciated. The government, therefore, instead of intensifying this condition, ought to take measures to avoid it.

LITTLE GIRL: Why did your mamma spank you?

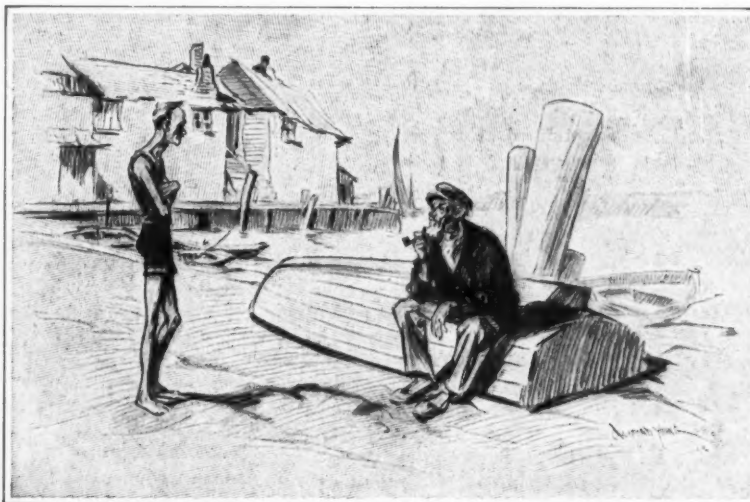
BOSTON CHILD: Because she is too untutored and ignorant to devise a more modern reformatory method of punishment.



"HAVE YOU ANY MICE IN YOUR HOUSE, MRS. SMITH?"

"YES, MY DEAR, WE HAVE A FEW."

"WOULD YE MIND LENDIN' ME ONE FOR OUR CAT?"



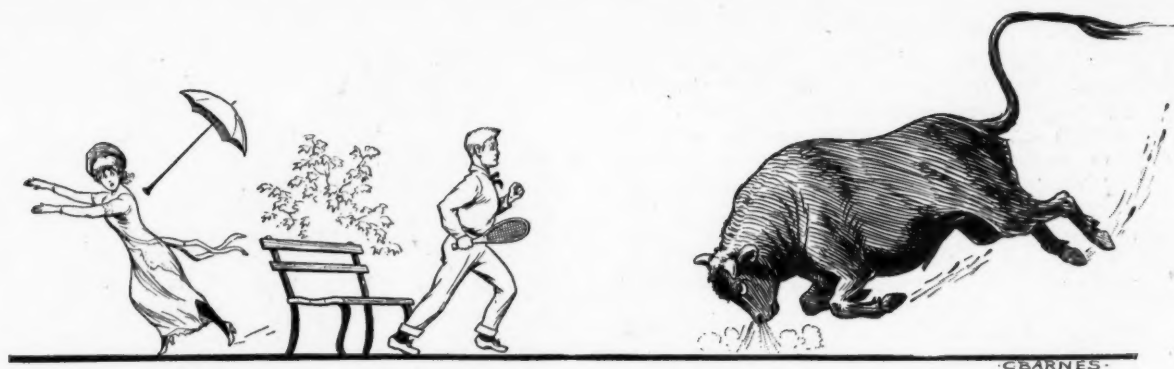
Thin Party: DO YOU HAVE MANY WRECKS HERE?
Old Salt: YOU'RE TH' FUST I'VE SEED THIS YEAR.

Pig Iron and Prosperity

WE read in the *Iron Trade Review* that "heavy buying of pig iron in leading centers has brought great encouragement to the entire trade and furnishes strong evidence that prosperity will be enjoyed throughout the remainder of the year."

Here is good news from a good authority. Although most of us have been paying very little attention to the peregrinations of pig iron, we are just as willing to have our prosperity assured from that direction as from any other. Why not, then, consider the matter settled and quit worrying? Let us rest secure in the thought that the country is doing its pig iron shopping early.

AND it takes more than age to make a personage of a person.



IF YOU CANNOT MAKE GOOD, TRY AND MAKE A GOOD BLUFF AT IT

On Life's Wire



"HELLO, LIFE?"
"Yes. This is LIFE."

"Governor Sulzer speaking."

"Glad to hear your voice, Governor."

"How goes it?"

"Not so well as it might, LIFE. Not so well as it might."

"Gracious, Governor, we hate to hear you talk in that strain."

"I almost wish I hadn't taken this job."

"Governor!"

"And that I had remained a Congressman."

"You certainly seemed to be considerable of a success as a Congressman."

"I'll tell you something, LIFE. This isn't a party line, is it?"

"No. You can speak with perfect freedom."

"Well, then, it's a great deal easier to be a successful Congressman than to be a successful Governor of a State like New York."

"That's interesting. Just what do you mean?"

"Well, you take me, for instance. I am almost an ideal Congressman. I can talk by the hour and have one of the best commands of glittering generalities and traditional Democratic by-words and by-phrases that ever invaded the pages of the Congressional

Record. I can become stentorious, pound the table, and make everybody, including myself, think that I am in dead earnest. In addition to these, I have certain noticeable mannerisms which make me appear important on slight acquaintance."

"You interest us strangely, Governor."

"Now, LIFE, you see, all that kind of thing is just right for a Congressman. Washington is brimful of it. Nobody really expects much from a Congressman except talk. But it seems to be different with a Governor. Talk will take a Governor only about so far, and then the people expect him to come forward with a few results."

"Don't be discouraged, Governor. We have had some pretty poor sticks up there at Albany."

"Yes, but how long did they last? When you're a Congressman you can blame all the rest of the Congressmen for what you fail to do, but when you're a Governor there's nobody you can blame but Murphy, which, after all, is not a very convincing excuse."

"All is not lost, Governor. Maybe it isn't too late for you to stir around a bit and really get something done."

"Yes, it is, LIFE, yes it is. No matter what else happens, I've been a Congressman so long that I am entirely

unfitted for any real work in this world."

"Sorry, Governor."

"So am I, LIFE. I'd give anything if I were back on the banks of the Potomac basking in the shade of the sheltering rhetoric tree. But I won't bother you with my troubles any longer, LIFE. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Governor Sulzer. We know exactly how you feel."

E. O. J.



"THIS IS A NICE FIX FOR A STAUNCH PROHIBITIONIST!"



A SKETCH FROM MEMORY

The Status of Fundamentals

"It cannot be said that we are in a fairly normal state now," the *New York Tribune* tells us, "but that we are approaching a decidedly better status of fundamentals appears to be accepted by the leading interests throughout this country and Europe." What more than that, in all Christian forbearance, could we wish? Let us firmly implant our status of fundamentals upon a sterilized and aseptic rock; then we can dismiss from our thoughts the condition of our superfluities, the circumstances of our amidships and other minor questions.

No Law Necessary

OUR forefathers knew exactly what they were about when they said in the Constitution: "Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech or of the press or the right of the people peaceably to assemble."

With unerring eye they were able to look forward and see, as in Paterson, N. J., that such a law was entirely unnecessary; that when municipal or other authorities got ready to abridge the freedom of speech and of the press they would be amply able to do it, regardless of what the law in the matter happened to be.

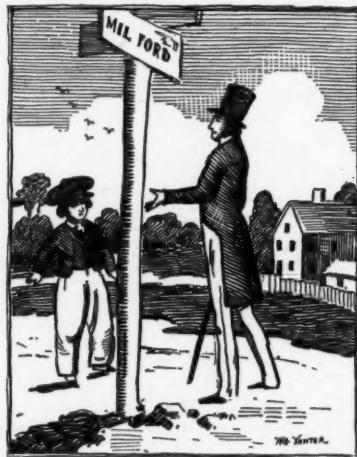
From the Twenty-first Reader

ALTHOUGH George and James Williams were twins, they were entirely different in disposition. James was studious; he was never contented without his book; even when he weeded the garden he would hold his book in one hand and pull up the young vegetables with the other.

George, on the other hand, wasted his time with idle fellows, trading jackknives and marbles, and would never so much as look into a book. When the boys were about ten years of age it was necessary for their father to send some very important papers to Mr. B——, a gentleman who resided at Milford.

"Oh, father, pray may we not go?" cried both the boys together.

"Only one of you can be spared," cried Mr. Williams, "and though it



GEORGE AND MR. B. AT THE GUIDEPOST



JAMES LEAVING HOME WITH THE PAPERS

grieves me deeply to favor one of my sons above the other, I must allow James to carry the papers. You see, George," he added, "as I have often told you, when opportunity offers you find yourself unprepared."

James was given the papers, and a large cake to eat on the way, and when he had kissed his father and mother he set out gaily on his journey. He walked briskly along, with his mind full of beautiful thoughts, until he came to a crossing where four roads met; but as he was able to read at a glance the inscription on the guidepost, he took the road to the right, as it directed, and continued his journey; but the way seemed much farther than he had thought, and the road was very rough, not at all like the road he re-

membered having gone over once before with his father. It now began to grow dark, and he had just decided to try and retrace his steps when his foot slipped and he found himself floundering in a quagmire up to his chin, where we must leave him for the present.

When James did not return on the second day Mr. Williams reluctantly sent George to carry a new set of papers and to search for James. George walked along until he reached the crossroads, where, being unable to read, he gave no heed to the guidepost, but said to himself: "I remember turning to the left by this large stone when father and I were here some years ago." So he turned to the left and soon came to the city and found Mr. B——. "My goodness," exclaimed Mr. B——, when told that James had started for his house two days before. "I fear he has missed the road and fallen into the quagmire." He and George set out immediately in search of James. When they came to the crossroads Mr. B—— looked at the guidepost and said, "It is as I feared. The storm of last week has turned the guidepost around and James, who was a good scholar, has read the direction wrong."

James' body was never recovered, but still lies in the quagmire with many, many others. George inherited all his father's property and continued to trade until he had accumulated several railroads, and he finally learned to write plainly enough to sign his name to five-hundred-thousand-dollar checks.

Will Vawter.

Why Not?

THERE are schools for almost everything—for all the trades, for literature, story writing, hat trimming, housekeeping and farming. But there is no school for government employees.

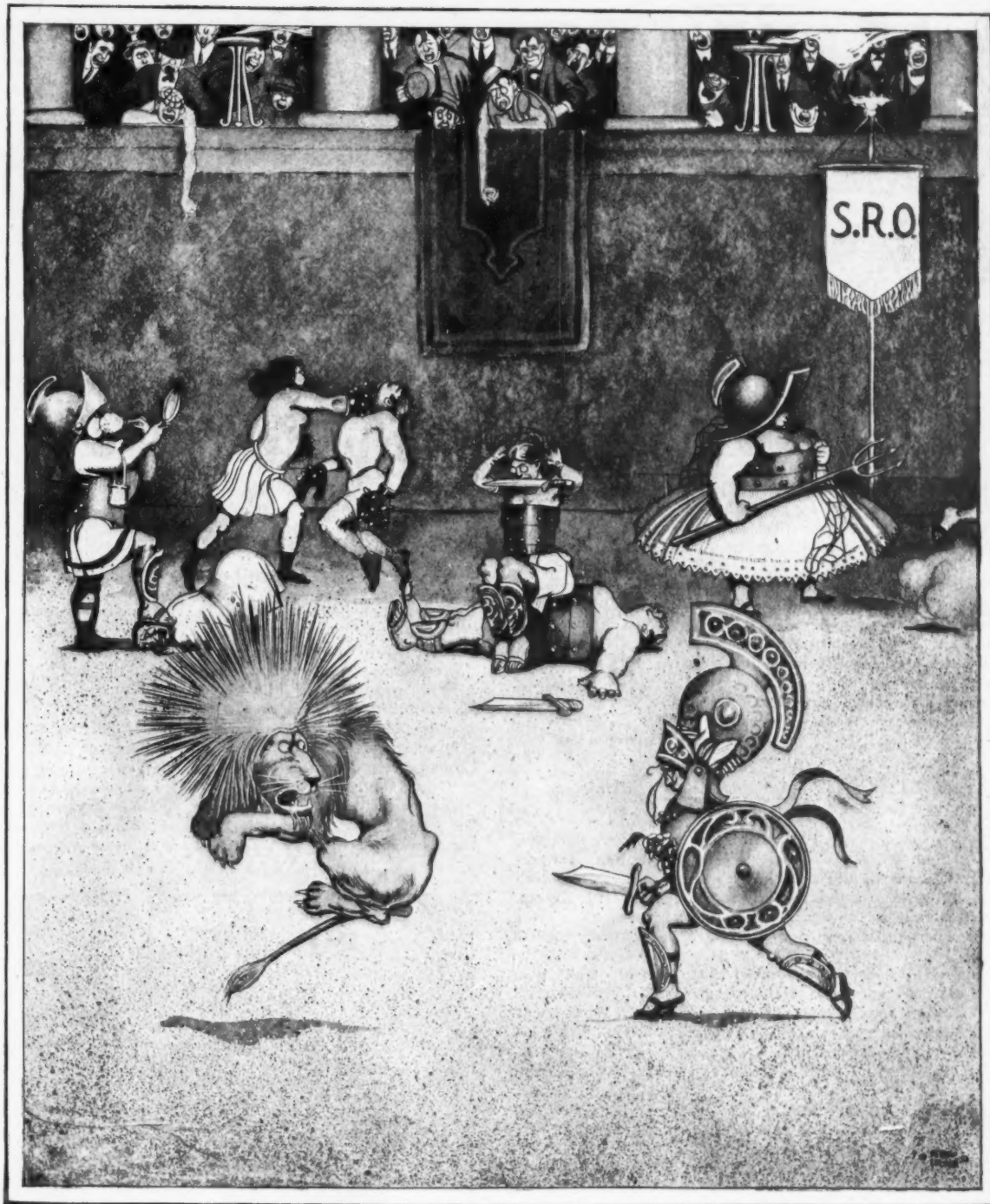
The civil service examinations require that the successful applicant shall be able to read and write and figure. There being no way in which they can learn the science of government, they

learn first on the government. The government pays for all their mistakes while they are learning how.

Most large newspaper offices have two printing plants, one in use and the other in reserve, to be used in case of emergency. What we ought to have is a reserve government, to be used only when the regular government gives out. It could be placed in an old man-of-war. Those who desire

to be Congressmen, for example, could serve their apprenticeship first. They could learn how to keep their mouths shut, for one thing.

We might have a separate ship for the training of our future Presidents—one that holds water. Each man could be supplied with a Cabinet, the members of which he could throw overboard at any time and drown.



TO THE MILITANT SUFFRAGETTES.
WHY NOT MAKE THE SPECTACLE A MORE AMUSING ONE?



Things Theatrical Beginning to Hum



A.W.

JUST a glance through the glasses of the critic. That's all the producers allow to the writer with limited space when in their eagerness to open their theatres they spring five or six new performances a week to emphasize the beginning of a new theatrical season.



THE author of "Kiss Me Quick"—Mr. Bartholomae by name—has seen fit to start an advertising campaign against the New York critics because they did not like his play. He even quotes Boston criticism against them. Far be it from LIFE to take sides in such a weighty advertising discussion, but, acting with absolute independence, the opinion of this journal must be to the effect that "Kiss Me Quick" is a crude farce with one amusing novelty. Utilizing the methods of the moving-picture people on the legitimate stage certainly gives the farce-writer opportunities which might have been used to greater advantage than in this badly constructed comedy. Even Mr. Charles Hoyt, who wrote some sixteen plays of the same sort, was careful to include the element of possibility. Mr. Bartholomae has overlooked this in "Kiss Me Quick".



OF the musical pieces included in the new season's offerings, "Adele", at the Longacre, is easily the best. Its producers have evidently abandoned any idea of competing with the display of feminine anatomy to be seen on Fifth Avenue or Broadway without price, and have contented themselves with a singing chorus of young women in unusually modest attire. They have gone further than this and assembled a company of principals and subordinates who can really sing the extremely pretty music provided by Mr. Jean Briquet. "Adele" not only has a comedy plot with some real comedians to interpret it, but has a couple of genuine comic opera singers in the persons of Natalie Alt, a comparative new-comer, and Georgia Caine, a tried and true veteran of our singing stage. The young men of the piece not only have voices but can also act and lend an air of credibility to the unrealities of comic opera. In fact "Adele" is so well cast throughout and so well done as to be almost notable.

"The Doll Girl" at the Globe is along more conventional lines. It takes the experienced, tired business man to explain why or how this particular musical piece is any better or any worse than its countless predecessors of the same sort. The adherents of Miss Hattie Williams and Mr. Richard Carle will be able to explain how their favorites are better or worse

than they have been in similar pieces, but the average theatre-goer is likely to say that "The Doll Girl" is very much like many other musical plays that have come and gone in New York without setting either the East River or the North River on fire.



THE new Hippodrome show is such a big thing that it deserves something in the way of pictorial and verbal description, for which there is no space just now. It is certainly going to remain alongside for some weeks to come, and there may be opportunity to say something about it later.



SHAKESPEARE is evidently not for the American actor of the present day. The Bard does not accommodate himself to the colloquial delivery of English as it is spoken on the contemporary stage in this country. Our actors have never known or have forgotten that the English of Shakespeare—even in a comedy like "Much Ado About Nothing"—has to be put over the footlights in a somewhat different way from that employed with the up-to-date utterances of Mr. Augustus Thomas, Mr. Charles Klein and Mr. Bayard Veiller. Going yet closer to the country of Shakespeare, the lines of Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, of Mr. George Bernard Shaw, of Mr. Oscar Wilde, and of Mr. Somerset Maugham may be classic English that may be enunciated in colloquial fashion, but the delivery of the Shakespearean text calls for a somewhat different method even before an American audience.

It's difficult for even a middle-aged dog to forget old tricks, so in spite of the desire of a whole lot of us to see Mr. John Drew doff the contemporary garb of middle-class English comedy and get back into heroic costume, we must be charitable with his failure to realize entirely the possibilities of Shakespeare's *Benedick*. It's many years now that he has been out of this line of work. And in the same spirit of charity we must accept the whole Empire Theatre production of "Much Ado About Nothing". Apparently Shakespeare is not for Broadway acting and its present capabilities. When only



TRYING IT ON THE DOG
A HOWLING SUCCESS



JUST THE THING

"I'VE WRITTEN A SEX DRAMA THAT WILL MAKE IT NECESSARY FOR YOU TO DISINFECT THE THEATRE AFTER EVERY PERFORMANCE."

about one-half of the meaning of the lines gets over the footlights we must admit that American actors cannot, in their desire to make it colloquial, deliver the Shakespearean text. Mr. Cooper, who played *Don Pedro* in the Empire production, seemed the only one in the cast who realized that the English of Shakespeare is not the English of the up-to-date stage.

It would be almost cruel to go through the cast of this production of "Much Ado" and particularize in the failure of each of its members to realize the possibilities of the rôles entrusted to them. There are few plays of Shakespeare with such thoroughly established standards and it must be admitted with shame that at one of New York's best theatres practically every member of the company failed to realize the requirements of his or her part. This does not refer to costume or mounting, but to the failure of the company individually and generally to grasp the Shakespearean spirit. It may also be that climatic conditions have such an effect on the vocal organs that the American voice does not attune itself to the music of Shakespeare.

It is promised to us that during the coming season we are to have a liberal

allowance of Shakespeare. Let us pray that it come to us with better delivery.

AT the Comedy Mr. Ames and Mr. Platt have delightfully staged a little comedy with a real moral in domestic economy. "Her Own Money", excellently acted, should be a lesson to every husband who hasn't sufficient sense to put his wife on a self-respecting basis in the household money affairs. The play doesn't deny the well-known fact that American husbands are foolishly indulgent, but amusingly shows one of the many causes of feminine discontent in America.

In the writer's acquaintance is a wealthy husband who showers his wife with every luxury. Jewels, fine clothes, equipages and houses are hers, and she has unlimited credit at all sorts of establishments where women love to shop. But never does he give her one dollar of actual money that she can call her own and spend as she pleases. It is at husbands like this and those who compel their wives to ask for and account for the money they spend that this play is directed.

Mr. Ames has given the piece an ad-

mirable cast, headed by Miss Julia Dean and Mr. Sydney Booth. Mr. Glendinning shows again that he is among the cleverest of our young actors, and an admirable selection for two diverting but essential comedy characters are Mr. George Hassell and Miss Beverly Sitgreaves.

For weeks to come, foxy wives with husbands whose financial conduct in the family circle is not what it should be will be seen leading their tight-wadded spouses to the Comedy Theatre.

Metcalfe.

CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

Astor.—Last week of the impressive moving pictures based on "Quo Vadis".

Belasco.—"The Temperamental Journey." Notice later.

Casino.—"Lieber Augustin." Notice later.

Cohan's.—"Potash and Perlmutter." Laughable stage version of Mr. Glass's well-known stories of Jewish business life in New York.

Comedy.—"Her Own Money." See above.

Cort.—"Peg o' My Heart." Miss Laurette Taylor's delightful impersonation of the Irish-American girl having fun with the British nobility.

Criterion.—Mr. William Collier in "Who's Who?". Notice later.

Eltinge.—"Within the Law." Absorbing and well-acted melodrama setting forth some of the iniquities of department store methods.

Empire.—Mr. John Drew in "Much Ado About Nothing". See above.

Forty-eighth Street.—"Kiss Me Quick." See above.

Fulton.—"Damaged Goods." A medical treatise exploited with scenery and actors.

Gaiety.—"Nearly Married", with Mr. Bruce McRae. Notice later.

Globe.—"The Doll Girl", with Hattie Williams and Mr. Richard Carle. See above.

Hippodrome.—"America." See above.

Hudson.—"The Fight." Notice later.

Knickerbocker.—"The Sunshine Girl." Pleasant musical show of the London Gaiety type.

Low Fields's Music Hall.—"All Aboard." Elaborately staged and diverting girl-and-music show with Messrs. Fields and George W. Monroe as the comedians.

Longacre.—"Adele." See above.

Lyceum.—"Where Ignorance is Bliss." Notice later.

Lyric.—"When Dreams Come True." Tuneful musical show with emphasis laid on the dancing of Mr. Joseph Santley.

Manhattan Opera House.—Revival of the New England classic, "The Old Homestead".

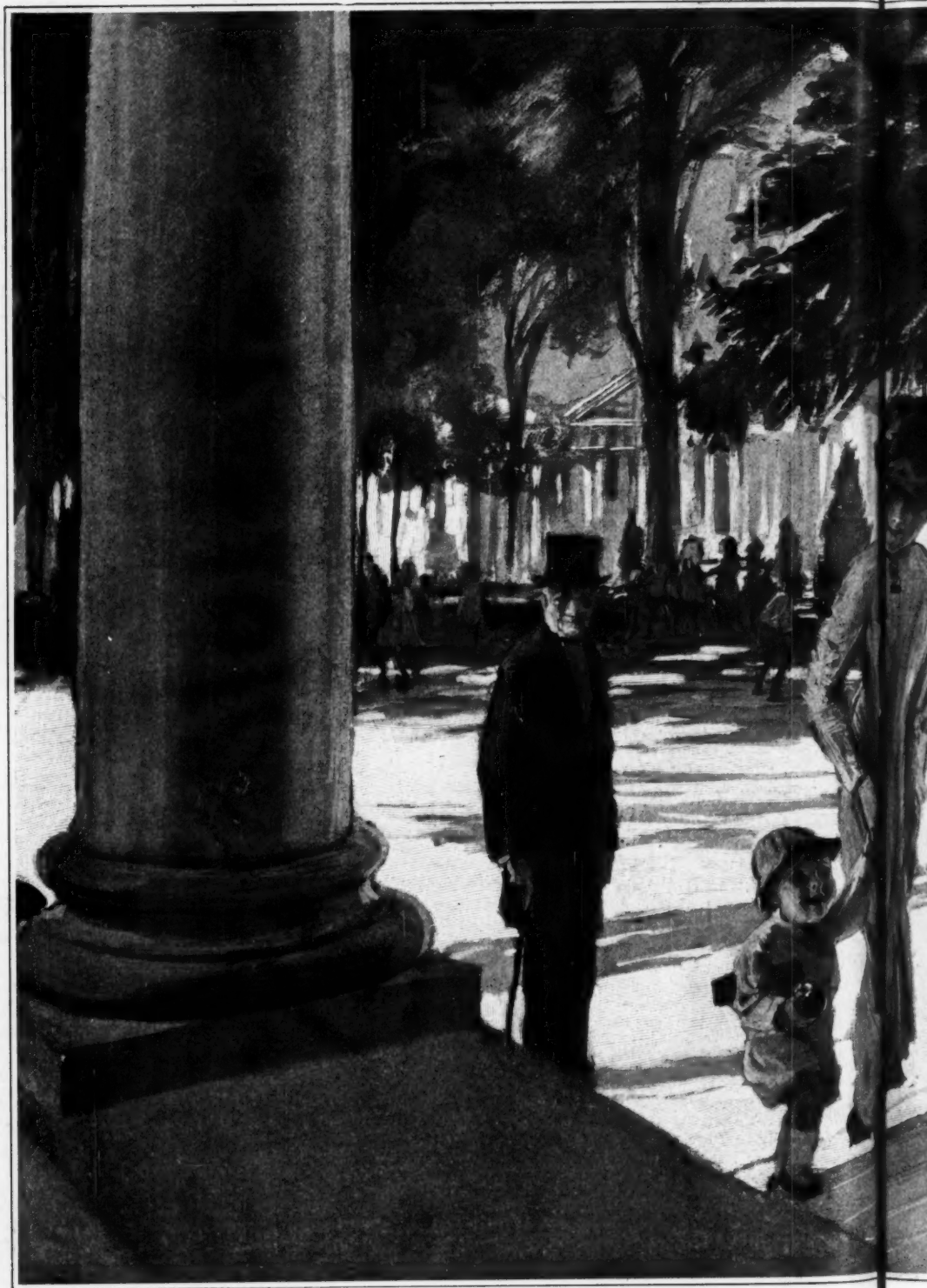
Marine Elliott's.—"The Lure." A melodramatic contraption gaining its patronage from the public interest in and morbid curiosity about the white slave trade.

Palace.—High-class vaudeville.

Playhouse.—"The Family Cupboard." Crudely constructed drama dealing with the tribulations of an overly-rich American family.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"Believe Me, Xantippe." Fairly amusing and rather original American farce.

Winter Garden.—"The Passing Show of 1913." Characteristic Winter Garden show with girls, music and especially rag-time as the main features.



· LIFE ·



Beginn Life's Work



CONFIDENTIAL BOOK GUIDE



A Preface to Politics, by Walter Lippmann. A volume of ozonish essays which let a draught of fresh air into a stuffy subject.

The Abysmal Brute, by Jack London. A lively story of the prize ring. How the goose that laid the golden eggs made a killing.

Concert Pitch, by Frank Danby. A tale of tortured temperaments. A novel that is about a decade behind its times.

Crowds, by Gerald Stanley Lee. A cupful of common sense with a quart of idealism poured over it. Get a copy and watch it swell.

Courtin' Christina, by J. J. Bell. See below.

Harlette, by Marion Polk Angellotti. A colorful bit of historical romanticizing about Robert the Devil, Duke of Normandy.

The Inside of the Cup, by Winston Churchill. The most talked about novel of the season. An earnest, able and dramatically effective fictional discussion of contemporary religious conditions.

The Interpretation of Dreams, by Professor Sigmund Freud. A work of tremendous suggestiveness to the tough-minded seeker after self-knowledge.

New Lives for Old, by "William Carleton." The resuscitation of a New England village. An interesting account of an allegedly actual occurrence.

The Old Adam, by Arnold Bennett. Easy writ, easy read. An entertaining installment of the adventures of "Denry the Audacious."

The Open Window, by E. Temple Thurston. The ornithological note book of a country vicar. In which the author of "Sally Bishop" toys with sentiment and the sweets of sorrow.

The Pathos of Distance, by James Huneker. Essays and articles, artistic and literary, reminiscent and critical. A book that is good company.

A Prisoner in Fairyland, by Algernon Blackwood. A man's return to the day-dreams of boyhood. A book that needs a mood, but does not induce it.

The Psychology of Laughter, by Boris Sidis. See below. *Strange Stories from the Lodge of Leisure*, translated from the Chinese by George Soulié. See next page.

Sylvia, by Upton Sinclair. A literary composite portrait from which the features of "My Little Sister", "Zuleika Dobson" and "Damaged Goods" look hauntingly out at us.

The Unrest of Women, by Edward Sandford Martin. In which the author's ability to be aseptically uncomplimentary is exercised for the benefit of the feminists.

Way Stations, by Elizabeth Robins. A collection of unexciting papers upon suffrage subjects introduced into an interesting chronological resumé of the English woman movement.

The Latest Books

"IN selecting my material for analysis from English and American writers," says Boris Sidis in the preface to his recently published work, *"The Psychology of Laughter"* (Appleton, \$2.00), "I wished to utilize some illustrations from Bret Harte and Mark Twain. All citations, however, from these two American writers had to be dispensed with because their publishers' permission could not be obtained."

When I first read this statement of Dr. Sidis' (on my way to the initial chapter of his book) I was mad clear through. Indeed, I was almost tempted to sit down on the instant and tell the publishers in question what I thought of them. But now, when I read the statement again, after finishing the last chapter of Dr. Sidis' work, I am filled with contrition and with admiration—contrition for a hasty misjudgment and admiration for an acumen that seems clairvoyant. How could these publishers foresense (what anyone can now perceive) that to give Dr. Sidis their clients' humorous writings to quote from would be like giving a Gutenberg Bible to the baby? Neither of them would be likely to tear out more than a few passages, and neither of them would be likely to play with them for more than a few minutes. But the results would be equally lamentable. For Dr. Sidis has been guilty of an almost incredible piece

of carelessness. He has set out to analyze laughter without first providing himself with a sense of humor. And of all the instances that I have ever seen where a lack of that much vaunted and much abused sense has been fatal to an undertaking, this is the one in which it is most completely so.

The psychological kernel of Dr. Sidis' treatise, namely, the assumption that all laughter results from the sudden liberation of some reserve of surplus energy, and the attempt to differentiate the various forms of the laughable by identifying the sources of their liberating impulses, is a most fruitfully suggestive hypothesis. But long before one has waded through the book's bromidic repetitions, its pages of long-winded and inept "citations" and the solemn banality of its comments thereon, one finds oneself wanting to grab Dr. Sidis' basic suggestion (as a chicken grabs a tid-bit) and run hen-like to some safe corner with it—some corner where Dr. Sidis can't get at one, and where one can consequently think over his one idea to some purpose.

LUCKILY for all of us, it is much more important to be able to laugh than to know why we do it, and we do it in reading J. J. Bell's *"Courtin' Christina"* (Doran, \$1.00), although for the life of us we probably couldn't tell why.

Mr. Bell is the Scotch humorist who wrote *"Wee MacGregor"*, and this story is an account of the characteristic



"COME ON, CHICKEN. LEMME BLOW YER. I CLEANED UP TWO CENTS ON A BUSINESS DEAL TO-DAY!"



YOUTH!

MORITURI SALUTAMUS

love-making of that youngster now come to courtin' age. The book never speaks above a low conversational tone, makes a little dialect go a long way, and is cannily economical with its fun. But one likes it somehow.

A SMILE often means more than a laugh—indeed, a smile differs from a laugh very much the way a whisper differs from a shout. Here, then, unless you are impatient of the childlikeness of the wise and of the naiveté of the learned, is a book to smile over. It is called "Strange Stories from the Lodge of Leisure" (Houghton, Mifflin, \$1.00), and contains twenty-five short stories—mostly tales of the ghostly borderland between the two worlds—translated from the eighteenth century Chinese by George Soulié, who has had the infinite good sense to give us an interpretation rather than a literal translation of the original text, and who has most ably put into a page or two a summing up of the liberal and living side of the translator's problem. The stories themselves are many of them quite delicious, once you have rid yourself of the instinctive expectation of the exotic with which you are apt to open the book; and most of them yield an even greater return in flavor, in enjoyment and in understanding on a second than on the first reading. For here is no dogmatic lecture on antipodal folk lore. Here is folk lore itself, at home, in its shirt sleeves, doing the chores. And the closer we watch it the more human it gets.

J. B. Kerfoot.



Chauffeur: HI THERE! QUIT PLAYIN' LEAPFROG A MINUTE, CAN'T YE? I WANT TO GET BY."



"AREN'T YOU GOING TO GIVE ME A KISS, FRANK?"
 "I'LL MATCH YOU, AUNT MARY. A KISS AGAINST A NICKEL."

She Wanted to Know

THERE was a lady on the train, in the drawing room car, and she said:

"Porter, can I get a seat coming back from Ellenville?"

"Yaas'm," said the porter; "if yo' let me know I can keep a seat fo' yo'."

"All right, porter. Any day?"

"Yaas'm. Any day but Monday and Saturday."

"But Monday and Saturday?"

"Yaas'm. Dats de time when all de folks comes back and forth from town. On other days yo' jest let me know couple hours ahead."

"Oh, I see. Monday and Saturday. I might come Tuesday."

"Yaas'm."

"You said Monday and Saturday?"

"Yaas'm. Monday and Saturday I ain't got no guarantee."

"Then Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday would be all right?"

"Yaas'm."

"Would Friday do?"

"Yaas'm."

"Well, I'll see. You say any day but Monday and Saturday."

"Yaas'm. I can always get yo' a seat Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. Monday and Saturday——"

"You said Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. You couldn't possibly get me one Monday, could you?"

"No, ma'am. Yo' see, folks comes to town Monday. That is, unless yo' let me know about a week ahead."

"Oh, I see. I might come Wednesday. It would be all right for Wednesday, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, yaas'm. Wednesday would be all right."

"And Thursday?"

"Yaas'm. Thursday or Friday——"

"Did you say I couldn't get a seat Tuesday?"

"No, ma'am. I can get you a seat Tuesday."

"I don't think I would want to go Tuesday."

"Yaas'm. Then Wednesday, Thursday or Friday."

"Oh, yes. You couldn't get seats those days?"

"Yaas'm. Monday folks go to town. Saturday all comes back. But I can get you a seat Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday."

"Oh, you could. I should hardly want to go Friday."

"Yaas'm. Well, dare's Wednesday, Thursday——"

"I'd have to let you know ahead?"

"Yaas'm. Sho't time ahead."

"You said, I think, any day but Tuesday and Saturday?"

"No, ma'am. *Excuse me.*"

At this moment the porter was called off by a frantic man who was trying to locate his seat in the front of the car. Then the lady said:

"How stupid of me. I forgot to ask him about Sunday."

STAG

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Sold in the 90 Cent
Glass Humidors and
handy HALF SIZE
5 Cent Tins.



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EVER-LASTING-LY GOOD

What Do You Think?

We are Constantly in Receipt of Important Letters Which are Too Long for Our Limited Space. Brevity is Desirable

That Troublesome Fly

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

The letter of J. B. Bilderback, of Portland, Oregon, appearing in LIFE of August 7th, is very interesting. After such an earnest defense of the fly-swatting Regular Profession, Doctor Bilderback may reasonably be pardoned for having forgotten to attach the "M. D." to his name. Doctor Bilderback is a most estimable gentleman and a very highly educated physician, a specialist in the diseases of children, with a recent tour of medical Europe to his credit; but, like many eminent and absolutely sincere physicians, the doctor is prone to center his attention upon the bacillus and the fly without giving due consideration to the all-too-frequently enervated and auto-toxic human environment into which the bacillus is introduced.

The fly is pestiferous and exasperating—we may all agree upon that point—and I think the majority of us would delight in his extermination; but if we will be careful to treat our alimentary canal with due consideration and respect through the moderate and intelligent eating of simple and non-toxicogenic foods, and keep our lungs constantly and deeply ventilated with pure, fresh air, we need not be so apprehensive as to the specific and particular name of the bacillus which the fly has deftly deposited upon our mashed potatoes. Keep the body clean and wholesome through a wise moderation in living, and the "germs" need not greatly alarm us.

Very sincerely yours,

CHESTER J. STEDMAN, M. D.

FORT STEVENS, ORE.,
August 7, 1913.

The Important Letter P

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

The appearance in the *Army and Navy Journal* of the verses entitled "A Cynic's View of Army Life", which were transferred to your columns, would hardly be understood by your readers without the explanation that the appearance upon the shirt of the writer of the letter "P" signifies that he is a military prisoner. Upon such prisoners is imposed the task of "policing", that is, keeping in order the grounds of our military reservations, cutting grass included. As these men are suffering for their offences, and would otherwise be confined in a cell, they have no reason to complain of being compelled to do such work as every small householder in a country town does cheerfully on his own premises. As we have no "service corps" in our army the work of keeping Government property at military posts in order is necessarily imposed upon the enlisted

men. Every good soldier recognizes this necessity, and complaints do not come from them, but from the violators of military law, who are required to do as much as possible of the work not strictly military.

WM. CONANT CHURCH,

Editor, *Army and Navy Journal*.

NEW YORK,
August 14, 1913.

For Mars

DEAR LIFE:

I heard a dreadful rumor that you were thinking of publishing another awful number, namely, against war. Now, you have been steadily preaching for some years against the great vices of peace and the false gods, such as luxury, spying, intrigue, women's control, effeminacy, and confusion of rank which bring nations to be dependencies. War is a medicine; and medicines are not always pleasant, but yet they are less deadly than the diseases which they cure. War is a means to an end, and its only end is to carry into action the policy which during peace has brought about the war.

If a war seems dreadful, it is not war which is dreadful, but the policy and the government which brought about the war; for no sane person will deny that war to avoid voluntarily abandoning a position of strategic importance, war to incorporate conquered nations into the conquering state in order to improve the citizenship, and war to stand by one's allies as oneself is honorable and profitable.

No great man has ever spoken against war, but rather against injustice; Christ himself preached, "I have not come to bring peace, but a sword." Study but for a moment those who are opposed to war; they are fraudulent property and effeminacy, as against aristocracy and honor, which are always jealous for a just cause of war. Old women who must have a finger in every pie, Jews that are afraid to fight, and ex-shopkeeper billionaires whose souls all the prayers of a compassionate Christendom cannot save from everlasting purgatory, these are the opponents of war and also of justice.

Must you, after having fought all the vices of peace, insult their great corrective, war in a just cause?

Yours very truly,

JOHN TEMPLE L. JEFFRIES.

MILTON, MASS.,
July 28, 1913.

A Guilty Public

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE,

Dear Sir:

I wish to express my admiration and respect for your spirit in regard to the justice and mercy that should be done helpless animals, and the continual fight you wage for them in your interesting paper.

Why will the public be so blind or thoughtless in regard to the great need of tortured creatures? Can nothing be done to compel the attention and action of the people and relieve much terrible suffering? The public is responsible, and can accomplish wonders if only it can be persuaded to act.

With best wishes for your continued prosperity and kind heart, I am,

Yours sincerely,

A FRIEND OF ANIMALS.

August 14, 1913.



THE MODERN MAID

She: YES, I WILL BE YOUR WIFE IF YOU PRESENT SATISFACTORY CERTIFICATES FROM YOUR PASTOR APPROVING OF YOUR SPIRITUAL WELFARE, FROM YOUR DOCTOR SHOWING YOUR PHYSICAL PERFECTION, AND FROM YOUR BANKERS ENDORSING YOUR FINANCIAL CONDITION.



The Locomobile Berline

Exhibits advanced tendencies in closed car modes. Rounded body surfaces produce graceful outlines from every angle of view. Interior features of interest are dainty corner lights and mirrors, deep luxurious upholstery of inviting pattern, concealed toilet cases, telephone, frameless windows that can be raised and lowered without effort, and other attractive refinements. Locomobile Closed Cars for 1914 may be seen at our branches in the larger cities. Further details, with prints from the Locomobile Studio, and special book of color plates will be forwarded on application.

The Locomobile Company of America,
Bridgeport, Conn.



The Waiter's Price

It was a banquet where a notable gathering of politicians had assembled. A certain aspiring young attorney was among the number, and as he spied an influential judge at the far end of the parlor, he called the head-waiter, slipped half a dollar into his hand, and whispered, "Put me next to Judge Spink at the table."

Upon being seated, however, he found he was at the other end of the room from the judge.

He called the head-waiter to explain.

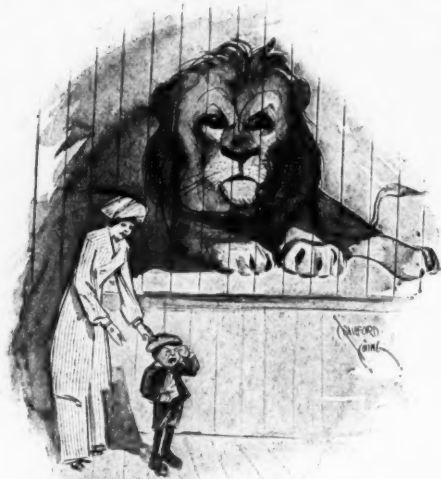
"Well, sir," replied the official, "the fact is that the judge gave me a dollar to put you as far from him as possible."—*Lippincott's*.

A Disagreeable Trait

"Can she keep a secret?"

"Yes, the disagreeable thing."

—*Detroit Free Press*.



Mamma: NOW, BOBBY, STOP YOUR CRYING—YOU CAN NOT HAVE ONE OF THOSE!

The Gypsy Nebulous

(Sub-Infernal.)

A face, foam-ringed
With cosmic chaos-clay, and ghastly-glow,
Or call it mud;
A fleeting glimpse of wind-wrought wraiths below,
Of mists empiric-winged—
A flood
Sad passion-hurled in that dim dawn about
The gypsy nebulous—
A fancy fever-full—a ghost-rid rout,
Conceived when sombre-drunk, with summer's moon
(Placed here, of course, to rime with "plenilune"),
A being fabulous,
A progeny of souls
Lit-tossed on red-gold seas
Of passioned poesies.

—*Yale Record*.

True Courtesy

LADY (at piano): They say you love good music.

YOUTH: Oh, that doesn't matter. Pray go on.—*Le Rire*.

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How Old Is Any Book?

A GENTLEMAN contributor writes to *The Dial*, of Chicago, complaining that one of the best publishers in this country sent out for review a book bearing the date 1913 on its title page when the book was in reality a reprint of 1908, as shown by the copyright date on another page. He wrote to the publishers about it, and they replied that the title pages of books "are always changed to the date of the year in which the special edition has been printed, the date on the copyright page remaining the same." *The Dial* omits the name of the publisher.

When publishers reprint old books with new dates on the title pages, and with no explanation, are they fooling the reading public? If a shoemaker should attempt to sell you old stock with new labels on it, wouldn't you feel that he was playing tricks with you? And isn't your mind more important than your body? Why should anybody be deluded into buying a last year's book any more than a last year's straw hat?

This is bad enough, but when we step from the publishers to the authors it's worse. For what guarantee do we have, when we attempt to read any book of the present day, that the author isn't palming off old ideas upon us?

Not only the actual date of the book, but also the actual date of the ideas in it, ought to be placed on every title page. A proper explanation might read about as follows:

This book was first published four years ago, and this is a second edition. The idea rewritten by the author, however, is at least two thousand two hundred years old.

BY soothing the nerves, calming the mind and relaxing the bodily tension

Evans' Ale

brings about in a natural way a sense of repose and contentment. Its use tends to make life normal and enjoyable thereby helping to prolong it. A real tonic for body and brain and gratifying to all the senses.

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If you believe in the power of music to elevate your thoughts and broaden your intellect, to stir your imagination and quicken your emotions, to soothe your mind and lighten your toil, you can appreciate what it would mean to have a Victrola in your home.

Music is no longer a luxury to be understood and enjoyed by a select few. Music has come to be an actual necessity in every home, and its foremost exponent today is the Victrola.

With this wonderful instrument, you bring some music into your life each day to add to your happiness and make your home more complete.

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Victor-Victrola XVI

Mahogany or quartered oak

Hymns

It is a melancholy thing to read an English hymn-book. Doubtless for most of us sacred associations gather around the hymns we sing, so that we abandon ourselves to the feelings called up by these associations, and do not notice what we are singing. Yet if in a critical mood we examine them, we cannot but be overcome with melancholy. They are so well meant, and so badly expressed; so pious, and so ridiculous; they are sentimental when they should be im-

passioned, grovelling instead of penitent, incoherent when they ought to be simple. It is not true that great poets are irreligious; on the contrary, their glory it is to see a soul of goodness in things evil, and this is the essence of religion. Yet our hymns are obviously not written by poets. There is surely no reason why religion and illiteracy should be unequally yoked together; and it were better to sing no hymns at all than to sing trash.

—Prof. W. H. D. Rouse, in *The English Review*.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Uncle Chet's Advice

Uncle Chet Thomas was a famous Kansas politician of the early days. Once, when he was in the Kansas Legislature, a man interested in a certain bill offered Uncle Chet one hundred dollars to help the bill along.

"Never you mind about that!" said Uncle Chet. "I don't want your money; and, besides, don't you never try to buy a politician. When you want to buy anybody buy an honest man—he'll stay bought; but a politician has a record to maintain!"—*Saturday Evening Post*.

Comfort Without Extravagance, Hotel Woodstock, New York.


No Change Possible

When Myron brought home his monthly school report, it made a very poor showing.

"This is very unsatisfactory," said his father, looking over the report, "I am not at all pleased with it."

"I knew you wouldn't be," answered Myron. "I told the teacher so, but she said she couldn't change it."

—*Harper's*.



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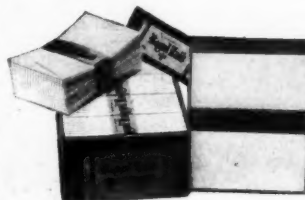
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Luxurious

Johnny handed the following note from his mother to the teacher one morning:

"Dere Teecher,—You keep tellin' my boy to breathe with his diafram. Maybe rich children have got diaframs, but how about when their father only makes two shillings a day and has got five children to keep? First it's one thing, then it's another, and now it's diaframs. That's the worst yet."—*Tit-Bits*.

Sliced Oranges with a dash of Abbott's Bitters are appetizing and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

PAYING TELLER: You must get someone to identify you before I can pay this check. Have you any friends in this town?

STRANGER: Not one. I'm the dog catcher.—*Our Animals*.



HATS this Autumn will not be trimmed, say Vogue's Paris correspondents; they will be decorated with a single feather or bow or quill posed at a very particular angle. Upon this angle depends the entire chic of the hat. Here is one new French model—along with fifty others, ranging from the conservative to the extreme, you will find it in Vogue's big Autumn Millinery Number—on sale at all newsstands, and—

NOW READY FOR YOU

Not Flattering

"We've got a great road now," said an enthusiastic Western railroader to his friend. "We've got it double-tracked clear through to Chicago."

"H'm," said the friend. "I don't see what you want a double track for. You can't keep your trains on one."

—*Everybody's*.

"You certainly have a trim little waist," said Red Philips, admiringly.

"You're right," she replied, "there's no getting around that."—*The Spectator*.

THE LONG CONTINUED POPULARITY OF HUNTER BALTIMORE



RYE



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Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

Adages for Schoolmasters

Learning without thought is labor lost;
thought without learning is perilous.
—Confucius.

He might be a very clever man by nature, for all I know, but he laid so many books upon his head that his brains could not move.—Hall.

Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; morals, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.—Bacon.

No man is wiser for his learning. Wit and wisdom are born with a man.
—Selden.

Instruction does not prevent waste of time or mistakes; and mistakes themselves are often the best teachers of all.—Froude.

Uneasy lie the heads of all that rule. His worst of all whose kingdom is a school.—Holmes.

All wish to be learned, but no one is willing to pay the price.—Juvenal.

Men learn while they teach.—Seneca.

The self-educated are marked by stubborn peculiarities.—Disraeli.

Learning makes a man fit company for himself.—Young.

Learning maketh young men temperate, is the comfort of old age, standing for wealth with poverty, and serving as an ornament to riches.—Cicero.

What sculptor is to a block of marble education is to a human soul.—Addison.



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15,450 of the best Druggists in America sell "Nylo" Chocolates. There is one of these Druggists right near you.

Look for the "Nyal" Drug Store and try a box of these delicious chocolates. They are always fresh, ever wholesome.

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Cut out this trademark and send with 10c. stamps. We will mail post paid a generous sample of these delicious Nylo Chocolates. Write name and address plainly. Send to New York & London Drug Co. 108 John St., New York or, Windsor, Ontario, Canada
Lif.

He that was only taught by himself had a fool for his master.—Jonson.

Education is all paint; it does not alter the nature of the wood that is under it, it only improves its appearance a little.—Stanhope.

There are more men ennobled by study than by nature.—Cicero.

There is no harm in being stupid, so long as a man does not think himself clever; no good in being clever if a man thinks himself so, for that is a short way to the worst stupidity.—MacDonald.



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FROM MANUFACTURER



TO CONSUMER

Old Adages Disproved

Neither a Borrower Nor a Lender Be.

THIS saying was probably first invented by some man who had made a fortune in puts and calls, and who was afraid someone else might discover the secret of his success. It is one of the countless contrivances to keep the poor poorer. Occasionally among the poor someone forgets the adage, begins to borrow and lend, and as a result gets rich, after which he immediately begins to write articles for the magazines advising everybody neither to borrow nor lend. It's one of the evidences that Shakespeare had acquired a fortune, or he never would have written it.

If you want to be really successful, therefore, without doing a stroke of work, always borrow as much as you can and lend as much as you can. If the man you borrow from wants collateral, put up with him the man you are lending to. This is the simple expedient, with slight variations, that makes all multimillionaires.

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on whisky.

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A Kingdom For Such a Butler!

"Something must be burning," said Panmure.

Tarville hated undignified interruptions. He had a particularly imperturbable butler with a cadaverous, sad face and an eye of rigid disapproval. He spoke to this individual over his shoulder. "Just see, will you," he said, and caught up the pause in the talk to his left.

We became aware that Tarville's butler had returned. We tried not to seem to listen.

"Beg pardon, m'lord," he said, "the house is on fire, m'lord. Upstairs, m'lord. Just overhead, m'lord. The maids are throwing water, m'lord, and I've telephoned fire."

"No, m'lord, no immediate danger."

"It's all right," said Tarville to the table generally, "go on! It's not a general conflagration and the fire brigade won't be five minutes. Don't see that it's our affair! The stuff's insured."

It was evident he didn't want his dinner spoiled and we played up loyally. "Thompson," said he to the imperturbable butler, and indicating the table generally, "champagne, champagne! Keep it going."

I watched Evesham listening intently. We seemed a little transitory circle of light in a universe of darkness and violence, an effect to which the smell of burning rubber, the trampling of feet overhead, the swish of water added enormously. Everybody drank carelessly because of the suppressed excitement of the situation and talked the louder and more freely.



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Then for a time things became preposterous. There was a sudden cascade of water by the fireplace and then absurdly the ceiling began to rain upon us, first at this point, then at that. "My new suit," cried someone.

Perrrrr—up—perr—a new line of blackened water would establish itself and form a spreading pool upon the gleaming cloth. The men nearest would arrange catchment areas of plates and flower bowls.

"Draw up!" said Tarville, "draw

up. That's the bad end of the table!" He turned to the imperturbable butler. "Take 'round bath towels," he said; and presently the men behind us were offering—with inflexible dignity—"port wine, sir, bath towel, sir!"

The Dinner Scene from "The New Machiavelli", by H. G. Wells.

Usual

FIRST MARRIED MAN: What is your family doing this summer?

SECOND M. M.: Me.

Amatory Practices

EMBRACING an opportunity.

Hugging a fond delusion.

Wooring fortune.

Courting a rebuff.

Kissing the blarney-stone.

Reclining in the lap of luxury.

Caressing a moustache.

Flattering oneself unduly.

Flirting with destruction.

Paying marked attention to a subject.

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We say that Kelly-Springfield tires are the only well-known automobile tires fashioned strictly by hand. We add that only the finest rubber composition has ever gone into them. It's easy for you to conclude what the seventeen years' success of this combination means in extra mileage to the careful motorist.

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C. D. Franke & Co., Charleston, S. C.

K. & S. Auto Tire Co., Limited, Toronto, Can.

Stupid Men

There are some men formed with feelings so blunt, with tempers so cold and phlegmatic, that they can hardly be said to be awake during the whole course of their lives. Upon such persons the most striking objects make but a faint and obscure impression. There are others so continually in the agitation of gross and merely sensual pleasures, or so occupied in the low drudgery of avarice, or so heated in the chase of honors and distinction, that their minds, which had been used continually to the storms of these violent and tempestuous passions, can hardly be put in motion by the delicate and refined play of the imagination. These men, though, from a different cause, become as stupid and insensible as the former; but whenever either of these happen to be struck with any natural elegance or greatness, or with these qualities in any work of art, they are moved upon the same principle.

Edmund Burke.

HERBERT and Helen were sitting on the beach in the moonlight, when, moved by an impulse he could not resist, he suddenly kissed her.

"Oh, Herbert!" she exclaimed, "that's not right."

"I'm very sorry, Helen," replied Herbert humbly; "I did the best I knew how. Won't you show me the proper way?" — *Ladies' Home Journal*.

A Happy Marriage

Depends largely on a knowledge of the whole truth about self and sex and their relation to life and health. This knowledge does not come intelligently of itself, nor correctly from ordinary, every-day sources.

SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)

by William H. Walling, A.M., M.D., imparts in a clear wholesome way in one volume

Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
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Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
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Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.
Puritan Pub. Co. 776 Perry Bldg., Phila., Pa.

The Better the Barley

the better the brew, is the reason why Anheuser-Busch *only* buys the most costly Barley grown from which to brew and age

Budweiser

"A FRIEND OF MINE"

The ever-increasing demand for Budweiser has been honestly won by its uniform Saazer Hop flavor, quality, purity and mellowness.

Bottled only at the home plant in St. Louis

Anheuser-Busch Brewery
St. Louis

A Remarkable Wedding

YOUNG Ornithorhynchus fell in love

With the charming Miss Armadillo. The wedding took place on a fragrant lawn,

Under a weeping willow.

Priest Megatherium tied the knot, There in that verdant, blissful spot.

Papa Tamandu gave 'way the bride,

Bestowing his fondest blessing;

While Mr. Ichneumon was best man, Promiscuously caressing.

The bridesmaids were the handsomest yet;

Miss Mandrill and Miss Marmoset.

Then all sat down to a banquet fine,

Of fried ants and eggs of lizards,

Cooked by Nyula and chef Unau,

Greatest of kitchen wizards.

Chasseur Salamander, at high noon,

Motored them off for their honeymoon.

Addison F. Andrews.

Diplomacy

DIPLOMACY is the art of deception without getting caught. A diplomat is a polished liar in court clothes who knows when telling the truth may do the least harm. Without diplomacy war would have to beg at the doors of nations. The main object of diplomacy is the least good to the greatest number, and up to recently it has generally been successful; but,

WINCHESTER



MODEL 1912

20 GAUGE

Light Weight

Hammerless Repeating Shotgun

This new Winchester is the lightest, strongest and handsomest repeating shotgun made. It weighs only about 5¾ pounds, yet it has surpassing strength, as all the metal parts are made of Nickel steel, having about 50,000 pounds more tensile strength to the square inch than ordinary steel. The receiver is free from screws and unsightly pins to collect rust and dirt and work loose, and its solid breech, closed at the rear, makes it extremely safe. It operates and works with an ease and smoothness not found in similar guns of other makes. It is simple to load and unload, easy to take down, being separated into two parts quickly without tools. For pattern and penetration, it is fully up to the established Winchester standard of shooting quality, which has no superior.

Ask your dealer to show you one, or send to Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., for illustrated circular.

A 20 GAUGE GUN FROM BUTT TO MUZZLE.

You Never Worry

for fear of musing your shirt front when you wear

Krementz Bodkin-Clutch Studs and Vest Buttons

They go in, through the stiffest buttonhole, like a needle, and then pushing the bodkin-clutch to one side, they hold like an anchor, till you are ready to release them.

No spiral springs, no hinge joints; no loose parts or hollow tubes.

Made with exquisite nicety of finish in every grade up to the finest mother-of-pearl set with pearls or precious stones, and mounted in gold or platinum.

At the leading jewelers.

Booklet on request.

KREMENTZ & CO.
60 Chestnut St., Newark, N. J.

Makers of the famous Krementz Collar Buttons

unless all signs fail, diplomacy may soon have to take a back seat.

Diplomacy comes in envoys, ambassadors and plenipotentiaries. First introduced by a lady in the Garden of Eden, it has been appropriated by man as a preliminary to benevolent assimilation, which generally includes battle, murder and sudden death.

Diplomatic relations between two countries are the sum total of lies exchanged between wars. The best diplomat, therefore, is the man who can

tell the most lies in a given time and get away with them.

The best quality of diplomacy is always acquired by the wealthiest nations, who can best afford it. Weaker nations employ a combination of truth and simplicity, which up to date has had little market value.

"Of the best society it used to be said; its conversation affords instruction, whilst its silence imparts culture."

—Goethe.

Egyptian DEITIES



*The Utmost in
Cigarettes*

Cork Tips or Plain

Contending for a Principle

AS Mr. Wicket approached his house he heard voices, not voices of mildness and serenity, but voices rising and falling with an ominous meaning. He paused for a moment on the threshold, and then taking his heart firmly in his mouth, entered fearfully.

His wife and the cook were facing each other in the library. The cook was attired for the street. In the hallway was a large and decrepit looking bag.

Mrs. Wicket turned to her husband with a look of intense relief.

"She has been here fourteen days," she said, "at twenty-five dollars a month. How much is it?"

"It's twelve dollars and a half," said the cook. "And Oi'll take not a cint less."

"Wait a moment, Bridget," said Wicket, calmly, looking at her with a sweet smile.

"Now at twenty-five dollars a month, that's twenty-five divided by thirty days—do you follow me, Bridget—I want to be perfectly fair—you see I'm getting the price for one day—three times eight is twenty-four and three in ten is three—that makes eighty-three cents a day, and fourteen days would be—let's see—"

He took out his pencil and began to figure.

"Here we have it," he said triumphantly, "that's eleven dollars and sixty-two cents."

"Don't I know that," broke in Mrs. Wicket. "Didn't I have the agency book and show it to her?"

"It's two weeks," said Bridget, stubbornly, "and not a cent less."

Wicket's voice was gentle.

"You don't understand, Bridget," he lisped. "You see you are being paid by the month and not by the week, and so—"

"Oi'll take twelve and a half and not a cint less."

Wicket shrugged his shoulders and looked at his wife.

"What's the use?" he said. "You can't explain it to her. Here! Take

the money and go." And he started to count out the twelve dollars and a half. But Mrs. Wicket interrupted.

"No!" she exclaimed, "I won't permit it. We don't owe her that much. Why should we pay her any more?"

"I understand we don't owe her that much," responded Wicket, "but it's worth a dollar extra to have peace."

"I won't let her impose upon us, peace or no peace. I simply won't stand it. Here! You can take what is due or nothing."

"Niver you fear," cried Bridget. "Oi'll have me roights. Sure, you're a gentleman," she continued, looking admiringly at Wicket, whose embarrassment measurably increased as he gazed from one woman to the other. He had done what appeared to be the easiest and, in the end, most economical thing. But he had not reckoned upon his wife. Of course, she was right. She was contending for a principle, whereas, like a true American citizen, he was only contending for a result.

Mrs. Wicket calmly counted out eleven dollars and sixty-two cents and put it on the desk.

"There's your money," she said, "you can take it or leave it."

Carstairs Rye

Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgotten?

When there are "cups o' kindness" to be taken, when there are toasts to be made or healths proposed, the best is not too good.

At such times don't forget "Carstairs"—an "auld acquaintance" of the majority of discriminating whiskey users. You will find "Carstairs" at leading clubs, hotels, cafes, restaurants. A favorite in the home.

Skilfully blended of selected ryes Aged in wood. The numbered label shows our bottling.

Established 1788



1788

Sidd Suspenders



The Invention of the Age

The most comfortable suspenders ever worn, no rubber or leather to rot. The elasticity of the Ball Bearing Springs will outlast any three pairs of elastic suspenders. The only suspenders that can be cleaned without injury. Will not slip off the shoulders.

Ask your dealer for them, 50c. and 75c. a pair

If dealer cannot supply you, enclose price to factory.

SIDNEY SUSPENDER COMPANY, B 4, Attleboro, Mass.

"O'i'll not take a cent less than what you owe me, and I won't stir from this spot until you pay me."

Wicket was beginning to get stirred up. He realized that the only safety was to stick to his wife.

"We don't owe it to you," he said. "We don't owe you for fifteen days—which is half a month—we owe you for one day less—can't you see that?"

"O'i'll take twelve dollars and a half, and no less."

"The money has been tendered to you. Do you refuse it?"

"O'i do. O'i'll not stir—"

Wicket went to the telephone and called up the police station. In ten minutes an officer was conducting Bridget out of the house—her wake filled with a sea of highly picturesque language.

The following day Wicket got a summons from the court to show cause why he should not pay Bridget one month's pay. Both himself and his wife, accompanied by their attorney, appeared in court one week later.

The judge decided that Bridget was entitled, not to a full month's pay, but

What This Vogue Pattern Will Do



It will reproduce, in good materials, one of the best French models for \$16, or even less.

Simply take 6½ yards of canton crepe or velvet, and a yard of moiré for the girdle.

Engage a little seamstress for two mornings, or do the sewing yourself.

The Vogue Pattern will almost put itself together—it is cut in three colors and so plainly marked that you can't go wrong.

This very smart afternoon gown is but one of the hundreds of exclusive Vogue Pattern models for 1913. Be sure to state size desired (34 to 40 bust, 22 to 28 waist). Price, \$1 for complete pattern; 50 cents for waist or skirt. Order by number—Pattern 2322-23-A.

Vogue Pattern Service
443 Fourth Avenue New York



Walk-Over The Shoe for You

Tangible Value

WALK-OVER merit is a tangible possession.

You see it in strong, masterly lines—in refinement of style—in fineness of finish.

You feel it in the comforting satisfaction of splendid fit—the consciousness of correct appearance—the gratification of genuine money worth.

Walk-Over dealers dot the globe. From \$3.50 to \$7.00. Standard prices \$4.50 and \$5.00.

Your own local dealer is ready to show you this popular "Winsor" Model. Be sure to see it.

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY

Manufacturers of Walk-Overs
for Men and Women

Campello (Brockton), Mass.

The word "Walk-Over" appears
on every genuine Walk-Over Shoe.



"Winsor"
Model

to eleven dollars and sixty-two cents, and that Wicket was to pay for the costs of the court, which amounted to four dollars and a half.

Two weeks later Wicket got a bill from his lawyer for twenty-five dollars. He showed it to his wife one evening.

"You see," he said, "I would have paid her that extra money, although we didn't owe it to her, just to get her out of the house."

"But wasn't I right?"

Wicket smiled as he lighted an imported cigar that was made at a factory in New Jersey.

"Certainly," he replied, "you were right, but my dear girl, in this country it costs altogether too much to be right. We can't afford it."

Addison Fox, Jr.

ROUND THE WORLD

Six months leisurely travel *de Luxe*. Limited private tours leave Eastbound Oct. 18, Nov. 8, 29; Southbound (the Antipodes) Oct. 28. **SPECIAL SHORT TOURS** Westbound Oct. 4; Eastbound Jan. 10, 1914.

EGYPT AND THE NILE

A series of high-class Tours to THE ORIENT, including Egypt, the Nile, Holy Land, Greece, etc., leave during Nov., Jan., Feb., and March.

COOK'S NILE STEAMERS leave Cairo every few days during the season for the First and Second Cataracts, the Sudan, etc. Also elegant private steamers and dahabeahs for families and private parties.

SOUTH AMERICA

Complete Tours of South America, including Panama Canal, leave New York Nov. 29, Jan. 24. Send for Program desired.

THOS. COOK & SON,

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The STEPHENSON **Underground Garbage Receiver**
NO FLIES. NO LITTER. NO ODORS.
Opens with the foot; closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. H. STEPHENSON, Mfr., 46 Farrar St., Lynn, Mass.



Woman's Looks

A woman's looks count for so much more than a man's in the sum of life, that she owes it to herself to do all that she reasonably can to preserve, and if possible enhance, whatever grace and charm of person nature may have endowed her with.

To this end—

Pears' Soap

The Great English Complexion Soap

the purest and best toilet soap ever manufactured contributes in an eminent degree. Its dainty emollient action softens and refines the skin and keeps it in a healthy condition.

It is Matchless for the Complexion

According to His Need

NEW YORK, Feb. 9, 1913.

DEAR SIR:

Herewith I beg to inclose my bill for \$3,000 for your operation. I trust you have continued to gain strength since your discharge from the hospital.

Yours sincerely,

JAMISON CUTLER.

To MONTMORENCY SCADDS, ESQ.,
Coupon Boulevard.

NEW YORK, Feb. 11, 1913.

DEAR DR. CUTLER:

I am in receipt of your bill for my operation and I must say that I think it is altogether too high. I have made some inquiries among my friends and I learn that \$500 is a high average price for appendicitis operations. Would you mind letting me know your views in the matter?

Yours very truly,

MONTMORENCY SCADDS.

To DR. JAMISON CUTLER,
Slaughter Hospital.

NEW YORK, Feb. 14, 1913.

DEAR MR. SCADDS:

I beg to acknowledge receipt of yours of the eleventh inst. It is quite evident that you are unaware of the practice among the better class of reputable surgeons of charging, not according to the work performed, but according to the financial standing of the patients. In view of the unquestioned eminence of your position in the financial world, I feel that the fee I fixed is rather too low than too high. The average fee for appendectomies may be even less than \$500 as you suggest, but don't you see that we have to make up in some way for the vast amount of work we do for the poor and needy in return for but slight compensation?

Yours sincerely,

JAMISON CUTLER.

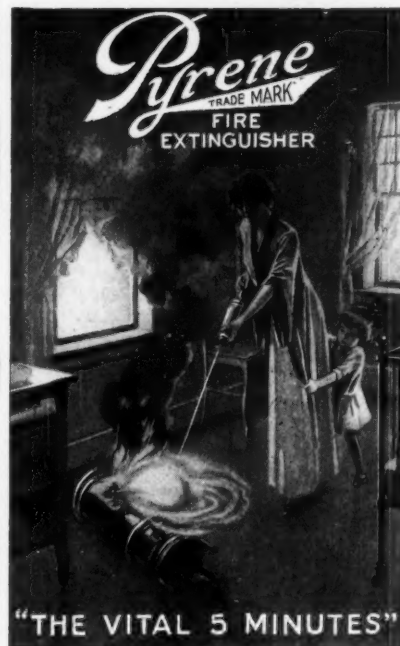
To MONTMORENCY SCADDS, ESQ.,
Coupon Boulevard.

NEW YORK, Feb. 17, 1913.

DEAR DR. CUTLER:

Please accept my thanks for your courteous explanation of the fee-fixing modus operandi. I cannot quarrel with you over the justice of the theory, "from each according to his ability." You must remember, however, that the corollary of the theory, "from each according to his ability" is "to each according to his need." With that corollary in mind, I have looked you up in Bradstreet's and find that you are rolling in wealth and therefore do not need money. As I have a great many demands upon me for philanthropic contributions,

It May Be Your Turn Next!



THE fear of fire exists in every human being. Too often it is in the background until a tongue of flame stealthily creeps in among our loved ones, and taking us unawares, leaves a blackened scar which may take years or eternity to heal.

Have you taken proper precaution to protect your home from this danger? It may be *your turn next*. The Pyrene Fire Extinguisher is a handy, dependable weapon, strongly built of solid brass, handsomely finished. Pyrene puts science and readiness between your dearest possessions and possible disaster.

Price, \$7, f. o. b. nearest shipping point

Brass and Nickel-plated Pyrene Fire Extinguishers are the only one-quart fire extinguishers included in the lists of Approved Fire Appliances issued by the National Board of Fire Underwriters.

Write for Booklet

PYRENE MANUFACTURING CO.
1358 Broadway, New York City

Atlanta Baltimore Boston Buffalo Chicago Dayton
Denver Louisville Memphis Norfolk Oklahoma City
Pittsburgh St. Louis San Antonio York, Neb.

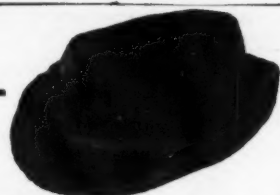
Pacific Coast Distributors: GORHAM ENGINEERING CO.
San Francisco Los Angeles Seattle

you can readily see that I must weigh each request carefully. It seems to me that, under the circumstances, \$50 would be a fair award in your case, and this I beg to send you herewith. You can rest assured that the balance of \$2,950 will be carefully distributed among the deserving in order to do the most possible good.

Yours very truly,

MONTMORENCY SCADDS.

To DR. JAMISON CUTLER,
Slaughter Hospital.



"The VELVELOUR"—Something Different

Fashion decrees: "Velours!" "The Velvour" sets you apart from the "crowd." Sold only by us. Of finest velvet velour; silk-serge lined. Three colors: Dark Brown; Dark Gray; Black. Same hat imported costs \$2. We charge \$2 PREPAID. Money back if you don't like it. Order now—simply state size and color, and enclose \$2. Write for "1912 Fall Style Book"—FREE

FRENCH CO., 255 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Brainy Diet vs. Bread and Butter

"You are right in stating that bread and butter cause dullness. I am daily growing brighter since abstaining from these stupefying foods." They are two of the chief causes of homeliness, dullness, disease and premature death. Take correctly combined lean meats, green vegetables, fruits, etc., to improve your appearance and increase physical and mental efficiency. Deficiency or excess of certain foods causes different diseases. Correct combinations and quantities cure. Causes of the various diseases are specified in "The Brainy Diet," sent for 10 cents. G. H. BRINKLER, Food Expert, Dept. 72-H, Washington, D. C.

The Jabberwocky of the Publishers

(Written solely because everybody's doing it.)

'Twas Harpers, and the Little Browns
Did Houghton Mifflin the book;
All Munsey were the Benzigers,
And the Doddmeads Outlook.

Beware the Lamsonwolffe, my son,
The Lane that's Long, the Heaths
that Flood;
The Randmcnally Appleton,
And frumious Orange Judd.

He took his Ogilvie in hand
Long time the Doxey Co. be sought;
So Wessels he by the Century,
And Scribners as in thought.

And as in Moffatt Yard he stood,
The Lippincott with eyes of flame
Bobbs Merrilly through William Wood,
And Duffield as it came.

Franklin Simon & Co.

Fifth Ave., 37th and 38th Sts., New York

Chiffon Velvet Suit

Real Skunk Fur Trimmed

MISSES' 14 to 20 YEARS
WOMEN'S 32 to 44 BUST

No. 40—**Dressy Fur Trimmed Suit of Imported Chiffon Velvet**, in black, navy, brown, mahogany, copenhagen or green, semi-bloused draped coat with dove tail back, flat collar, long rever effect and cuffs of genuine skunk fur, deep set-in sleeves, self ornaments, lined with soft silk and interlined, skirt draped to side and trimmed with ornament.

59.50

Value \$79.50

FALL and WINTER

STYLE BOOK

"CORRECT DRESS"

Mailed out of town on application to Dept. "N"



40



DRESS AND VANITY FAIR



Volume 1—Number 1

WHAT do you think of the first number of "Dress and Vanity Fair"? Have you got a copy yet? There are still a few, here and there, on the newsstands, though most stands sold out in the first three days.

Don't compare the new magazine with any American publication. Imagine the London "Sketch," with just a flavor of "La Vie Parisienne"—add several pages of fashions of the kind you know in "Vogue", add also the best dramatic critic in America—and you will begin to have the beginning of an idea of what is awaiting you at the newsstands.

449 Fourth Ave.,
New York

THE VANITY FAIR PUBLISHING CO., INC.

Condé Nast,
Publisher

McClurg! McClure! and through and
through
His Putnam blade went snicker-
snack;
He left it then, and with his Penn
He went Macmillan back.

And hast thou found the Henryholt?
Come to my arms, my Lairdandlee;
Oh, Doubleday! Cassell! Callay!
Small Maynard in his glee.

'Twas Harper's, and the Little Browns
Did Houghton Mifflin the book;
All Munsey were the Benzigers,
And the Doddmeads Outlook.

Carolyn Wells.

It is best to love wisely, no doubt, but
to love foolishly is better than not to be
able to love at all.

Thackeray.

HEISEY'S

GLASSWARE

Look for the



 *one every piece*

TRADE MARK

62

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A. H. HEISEY & CO.

The A. B. C. of Courtship

A PPLY adulation aptly.
 Beg beauty's beneficence.
 Consult "chérie" constantly.
 Display delightful deference.
 Ever exhibit eagerness.
 Furnish flattery freely.
 Give gifts generously.
 Hold her hands.
 Insinuate impressive iniquities.
 Jog jealousy judiciously.
 Kiss kindly kinsfolk.
 Leave languishing looks.
 Mention match-making mammas.
 Never neglect nattiness.
 Offer oblations obsequiously.
 Plan pleasure parties.
 Quickly quit quarrels.
 Rapidly renew reconciliations.
 Scorn sweethearts' scratches.
 Try tête-à-tête tactics.
 Ubiquitous urchins unnerve.
 Vocalize votive verses.
 'Xtend 'xorbitant 'xpectations.
 Yowl your yearnings.
 Zig-zag Zionward zealously.

Geo. B. Morewood.



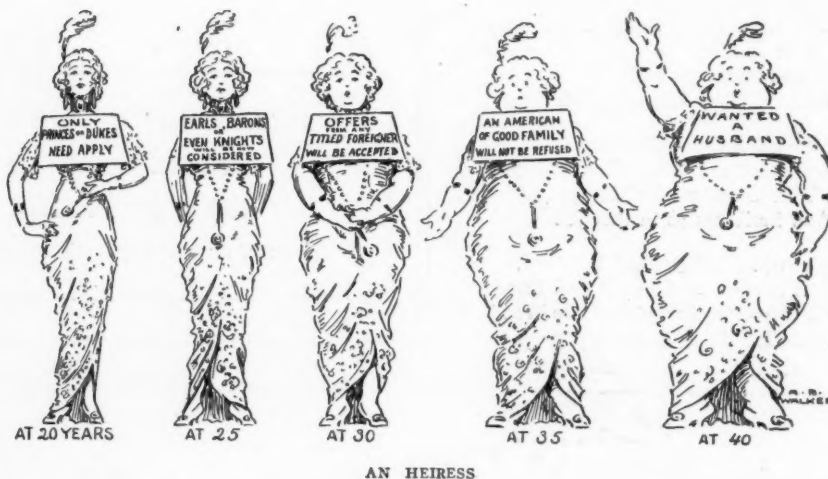
Be On Time!
LARTER
SHIRT STUDS
 & LARTER VEST BUTTONS

make changing shirts and vests quick and easy. They adjust and lock themselves automatically without straining or soiling buttonholes.

This trade-mark, on every genuine Larter, is your guarantee that if an accident happens to the back a new one will be given in exchange.

Write for Free Trial Model Stud made of inexpensive metal to show how Larter's "save time and worry for men in a hurry." Sent with handsome booklet illustrating correct jewelry for men and beautiful Larter styles.

LARTER & SON, Manufacturing Jewelers
 32 Maiden Lane, New York



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One Star
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V. O.
 V. S. O.

V. S. O. P. Guaranteed over 25 years old
 E. S. O. P. " " 40 "
 EXTRA " " 50 "

Bottled in Cognac and guaranteed distilled from wine grown in the Charente
 G. S. NICHOLAS & CO., Sole Agents, 41 and 43 Beaver St., New York

Books Received

Village Life in America, by Caroline Cowles Richards. (Henry Holt & Co. \$1.30.)

John Barleycorn, by Jack London. (Century Co. \$1.30.)

The Garden Without Walls, by Coningsby Dawson. (Henry Holt & Co. \$1.35.)

Murder in Any Degree, by Owen Johnson. (Century Co. \$1.30.)

The Lady and the Pirate, by Emerson Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind. \$1.25.)

The Eugenic Mother and Baby, by W. Grant Hague, M. D. (Hague Publishing Co.)

The Yoke of Pity, by Julien Benda. (Henry Holt & Co. \$1.00.)

Confessions of a Pullman Conductor, by Charles H. Walbourn. (San Francisco, Cal.)

My Lady of the Chimney Corner, by Alexander Irvine. (Century Co. \$1.20.)

Songs Through the Night, by Mary Ellis Robins. (Published by the author at 8424 Norwood St., C. H., Phila., Pa.)

Fabre, Poet of Science, by Dr. C. V. Legros. (Century Co.)

The Poems of Paul Mariett. (Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.00.)

The Dramatic Works of Gerhart Hauptmann, by Ludwig Lewisohn. (B. W. Huebsch.)

Uncle's Advice, by William Hewlett. (Duffield & Co. \$1.25.)

A Runaway Ring, by Mrs. Henry Dudeney. (Duffield & Co.)

The Soul of Unrest, by Emily Jenkinson. (Duffield & Co. \$1.25.)

Margery Fytton, by Lady Ridley. (Duffield & Co. \$1.25.)

The Anglo Indians, by Alice Perrin. (Duffield & Co. \$1.25.)

Try One of Our Dry Varieties

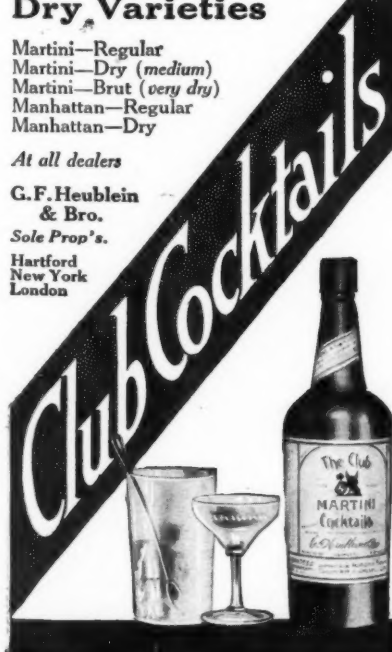
Martini—Regular
Martini—Dry (medium)
Martini—Brut (very dry)
Manhattan—Regular
Manhattan—Dry

At all dealers

G. F. Heublein & Bro.

Sole Prop's.

Hartford
New York
London



Her Beauty Has "Palmolive Protection"



THE modern girl subjects her complexion to extremes. She is out in the sun, the wind and the rain. She takes long motor trips over dusty highways. Yet she keeps her skin soft, smooth and beautiful.

Palmolive protects her complexion. She knows that famous beauties, 2,000 years ago, used Palm and Olive

oils, and that nothing else since has been found to surpass them. She knows that these oils soothe irritations.

She knows we blend them into Palmolive by our own process, which greatly increases their efficiency.

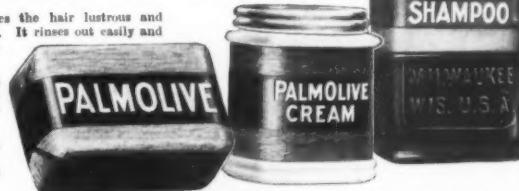
Palmolive is more than mere soap. Hard milling makes it lasting and economical. 15c a cake.

B. J. Johnson Soap Company, Inc., Milwaukee, Wis.
Canadian Factory: 155-157 George St., Toronto, Ont.

PALMOLIVE SHAMPOO makes the hair lustrous and healthy and is excellent for the scalp. It rinses out easily and leaves the hair soft and tractable. Price, 50 cents.

PALMOLIVE CREAM cleanses the pores of the skin and adds a delightful touch after the use of Palmolive Soap. Price, 50 cents.

N. B.—If you cannot get Palmolive Cream or Shampoo of your local dealer, a full-size package of either will be mailed prepaid on receipt of price.



Music

MUSIC is a job lot of vibrations manufactured under the auspices of a labor union and furnished to hotels and restaurants for the purpose of adding to the discomfort of the guests. Music is also used for other purposes. It comes in pianos, harps and organs, and sometimes, though rarely, in human beings and phonographs. Babies often furnish music when least expected and at hours not always approved of by respectable and God-fearing people.

Music at one time was called a heavenly maid. But she is now mostly clothed in rag-time and is known as flossy. In short, music has run the scale from classic to classy.

Like eggs and other historic back numbers, music is now kept in cold storage and comes in reels and cans. Handmade music is gradually being superseded by the factory-made article.

At one time music, singular as it may seem, was used to make music. Now it is used to make a noise.

PETER J. CAREY, PRINTER, NEW YORK

Williams

PATENTED Holder-Top Shaving Stick



The economy and ease of using Williams' Holder-Top Shaving Stick is exceeded only by the luxury and comfort it affords.

SPECIAL OFFER—Suit Case Sets

In order that those who are not familiar with our new toilet requisites may have an opportunity to try some of them, we have prepared very attractive sets of samples which we call "Men's Suit Case Sets" and "Women's Suit Case Sets." These are handsomely decorated boxes containing trial size reproductions of our regular packages. Either set named below will be sent for 24 cents in stamps.

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Shaving Cream
Dental Cream
Talc Powder
Jersey Cream
Toilet Soap

Women's Suit Case Set

Contains

Talc Powder
Dental Cream
Cold Cream
Jersey Cream
Toilet Soap
Violet Toilet Water

Address:
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Company

Department A,
Glastonbury,
Conn.



After Shaving use

Williams' Talc Powder